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The largest Tea Distributors, Manufacturers, and Retailers of Food Products in the World

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A WORD ABOUT THE "J.B." PEN. *See Page 14.*

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXV. No. 668. SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1919. TWOPENCE.

[*Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.*]

No. 555.

STATE EXPRESS CIGARETTES

No. 444.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

WHAT'S YOUR HURRY WILSON?

THE PEACE CONFERENCE

may have difficult problems to solve, but the

B.D.V.

CIGARETTE NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION

is EASY and OPEN to ALL.

Nearly

£11,000

has already been awarded :: in money prizes. ::

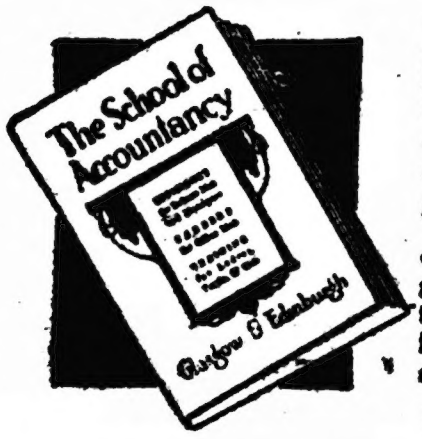
Sums, ranging from £10 to 5s., are given every month.

Full Particulars from

GODFREY PHILLIPS, Ltd., LONDON, E.1.

£300 £600 £1000 a year!

You can fix your own Salary if you train for it.



This is a plain, true statement of fact. It is no exaggeration. Employers everywhere are looking for trained men as Organisers, Office and Works Managers, Accountants, etc., and are willing to pay high salaries if they can get the right men.

Such men are not born. They are made by training and study. Scores of men who were ordinary office clerks are now holding positions and getting big salaries. These didn't come by "waiting for something to turn up" The men put in their spare time in study and training under expert guidance. Are you sufficiently enthusiastic and ambitious to follow their example?

The School of Accountancy offers this expert guidance and training through its postal courses. The efficiency of its training has been amply demonstrated and proven—it is not an experiment. It gives personal training adapted to the student's circumstances, his peculiar requirements, his capacity, the time at his disposal. It leads him, step by step, to the completion of his training. Some finish the course in a few months, others take much longer. It depends upon the time devoted to study and the aptitude of the pupil. The moderate fee is in any case the same.

This booklet, which is free and post free, gives particulars of the various courses of study, for these differ according to individual requirements. It gives the names and addresses of students who have "made good" and to whom reference can be made. Write for a copy to-day if you want £300, or £600, or £1,000 a year. Train for the big sums and you will get them.

FREE BOOK THE SCHOOL OF ACCOUNTANCY,
2, West Regent Street, GLASGOW.

Please send me, free and post free, copy of booklet advertised in "John Bull," 8/2/19.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Sir Henry Raeburn.

SIR HENRY RAEBURN, whose splendid portraiture earned for him the title of "the Scottish Reynolds," was always punctilious in regard to his personal appearance.

Well-groomed, busy men of to-day use McClinton's Shaving Soap, which, made entirely from pure vegetable oils and plant ash, is renowned the world over for its creamy, soft lather, which always ensures a clean, close shave and the skin left cool, plastic and comfortable.

McCLINTON'S Shaving Soaps & Cream

Sir Henry Raeburn was able to procure only the one form of McClinton's Shaving Soap—but you may have it in stick, cake or cream, whichever you prefer. Hibernia and Exquisite in sticks, and Shaving Cream in pots or tubes.

Made by the Proprietors of the famous Colleen Toilet Soap.

McCLINTON'S, Ltd. (Dept. A.G.), Donaghmore, Tyrone

Give a Disabled Man the chance of filling your next Vacancy.

There are many Cocoas not so good as

Rowntree's Elect Cocoa

"We've proved it."

Why pay Fire Insurance Premiums?—see page 16.

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them.

Naught shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Vol. XXV. No. 666. **Week ending Saturday, March 8th, 1919.** **Twopence.**

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL."

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Coal Clouds Lifting.

Opinion in Parliament is very much divided as to whether the week's suspension of the strike notices by the miners will result in compromise and peace. Personally, we are not too hopeful—but the resources of civilisation are not exhausted!

Our Home Peace Conference.

We congratulate the Prime Minister upon the alacrity he displayed in taking up our suggestion for a *Home* Peace Conference; and we have another idea for him shortly!

"Thou Shalt Not Strike."

Cynics have long talked of the Eleventh Commandment—"Thou Shalt Not Be Found Out"—as the only one the breach of which is never forgiven. We have now added one which we believe will have the moral force of the nation behind it.

Hurry Up!

By the way, anyone heard of the Peace Conference lately? Are the proceedings suspended till Mr. Wilson's return?

"If You See It——"

"I much regret that I unintentionally misled the hon. gentleman. . . . I was unaware that Sir Walter Townley (the British Minister at The Hague) had tendered his resignation on January 14th." "I" was the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and the "hon. gentleman" was ourselves!

Another Dutch Meeting.

Whilst on the subject of Holland, we should like to know what Prince Henry of the Netherlands, the Prince Consort, was doing on board the steamer which brought the former German Commander-in-Chief in East Africa to Rotterdam. We must put down another question.

A Word with Sweden.

We hope the Peace Conference will deal sternly with any claims put forward by Sweden. She has been pro-German throughout the war, one of her first actions being a threat to stop all exports of wood-pulp to this country unless the British Government abandoned search at sea and the blockade, and sent her all the coal she cared to ask for. Canada, luckily, came to the rescue. More anon.

A Big Thing!

We have received an appeal from the Rev. F. B. Meyer, and a few brother parsons, urging us to give our "valuable support" to a campaign to compel the Peace Conference to restore the Church of St. Sophia, of Constantinople, to Christendom. Of course, Indemnities and such small matters can wait.

More Police Trouble.

We fear it is brewing; and we are certainly of opinion that the autocratic methods of Sir Nevil Macready are not calculated to allay it. London, after all, is not India!

Now then, Prince.

We are all delighted at the marriage of Princess Pat with her sailor lover. And now we await the announcement of the engagement of the Prince of Wales to——but we are not a Society paper.

The Boxing Boom.

By way of relaxation we dropped in to see the Beckett-Wells fight—and, of course, had to say the inevitable "few words." But we hope we shall never have "a few words" with Beckett!

Paper Economy.

One of our readers, desiring to save paper, recently cut up some old cards for correspondence purposes—but as they were one-sixteenth of an inch below the regulation size each of the recipients was surcharged a penny postage!

"Gone!"

With reference to our recent exposure of the methods of Mr. Parks, the Deputy Meat Agent from Watford, in foisting "stumer" cheques on local butchers, we are pleased to learn that after a short suspension for enquiries, this unworthy public servant was summarily dismissed by the Ministry. We said "Parks must Go"—and he has gone.

The Truth at Last.

We have long wondered as to our exact place in the scheme of things. And now the *Huddersfield Daily Examiner* has solved the mystery. We are "a symbol and a portent—a symbol of all that dead weight of vulgar, avid, national egotism, against which conceptions of a better international order have so often beaten in vain—a portent of what Democracy under the influence of a skilful but unprincipled manipulator may become." Gee whiz!

"Accredited Leaders."

We are evidently getting on. Our distinguished contemporary, *Truth*, apropos of the new Rules of Procedure, says "Debates in the House itself will be confined to full-dress debates, which, during this session, will be monopolised by the Government spokesmen and accredited leaders like Mr. Adamson, Sir Donald Maclean, Mr. Bottomley and Mr. Clement Edwards—upon whom and upon whose speeches public attention will mainly be concentrated." What changes Time does work!

That Shipping Deal.

So that little shipping deal between America and the White Star Line is off—"on account of the action of the British Admiralty." The League of Nations is starting badly.

German-Americans.

And that reminds us that we have been looking through the list of first-class passengers on the *Lapland*, on its voyage from New York to Liverpool a few weeks ago. We find it included Messrs. Bischoff, Buch, Edelstein, Frankenstein, Gaiser, Hoffman, Hunneman, Lichtenstein, Pfleiger, Schiffmacher, Schwalm, Swartz, Weiss, amongst others. And that's that!

The Treasury and Enterprise.

What idiot was responsible for the proposed Order—now cancelled—prohibiting all dealings and transactions in stocks, shares and securities other than those authorised by the Treasury? This is already the second "bloomer" in Mr. Chamberlain's department.

"Arrived."

It used to be an old Parliamentary dictum that when a Member found himself in *Punch*, he had "arrived." We are already indebted to our mirthful contemporary for two delightfully piquant pictorial references to our Parliamentary activities since the new House met.

Will History Repeat Itself?

Apropos of the protest in this week's leading article against the insults levelled at the British Army by President Wilson at Boston, we recall the fact that it was into Boston Harbour that the famous tea-chests were flung—the first overt act of rebellion which led to the war with America.

From John-o'-Groats.

There has been a public meeting at John-o'-Groats, to protest against the return of Mr. R. A. M'Clements, a Conscientious Objector, to the headmastership of Keiss Public School, and in the course of the proceedings one of the speakers suggested that the matter should be brought to our notice in the hope that we would "take it up" both in this journal and Parliament—whereupon we are gratified to learn that the Chairman said: "Whatever Mr. Bottomley's faults and failings might be, he was a whole-hearted friend of the soldiers who had fought for the country." We have no personal knowledge of the faults and failings of the Chairman, but we do suggest that there should be some time-limit to this eternal qualification of our public virtues.

Malcolm—and Coryton.

We do not by any means uphold the "unwritten law." It's perfectly right to thrash a seducer within an inch of his life, but it's not fair to try and take his life unless he has an equal chance of taking yours. But we do ask whether the fact that one man gets off scot free after killing a man under the "unwritten law," and another gets seven years for a similar attempt, has anything to do with the other fact, that the one man was an officer and the other a gunner.

A Fat Job.

The new Public Trustee is a barrister, Mr. O. R. A. Simpkin. He is a little over thirty, and "during the war has been employed at the War Trades Intelligence Department, where he has attained a considerable reputation, showing himself to be a man of first-class ability." All the same, one would wish the appointment to go to some other young man—one whose abilities have been tested in more active service.

The Rotters.

Under the initials "G. R." an advertisement emanates from the Royal Clarence Yard, Gosport. Tenders are invited, it states, for the purchase of quantities of Old and Surplus Stores. Included in the list are 5,500 lbs. of biscuit, 8,700 lbs. of flour, 5,900 lbs of rice, and 3,500 lbs. of split peas. The interesting note is added, "The above are not fit for human consumption." What we would like to know is, who is to suffer for allowing so much precious food to accumulate till it rotted?

All on the Rates.

East Ham is going to show it can do things when it likes. It is going to have souvenirs, sports, concerts, bonfires, dancing, a pageant, fireworks, illuminations, flags, and decorations on Peace Night. There will be a hot time in the old town that night. But we have not yet proclaimed the crowning glory. The Mayor and his Committee suggest a banquet for "councillors, aldermen, and county gentlemen"—"expenses to be defrayed from the rates." With straining ears we listen for the approbation of East Ham ratepayers.

1 From 73 Leaves——

A Glasgow depositor in the P.O. Savings Bank had £73 standing to his credit. He withdrew £1 on demand and at the same time handed in a withdrawal form for the balance, £72, to close the account. After the lapse of 5 days he received a warrant for the money, but as the bank book was retained, he could not draw it. Five or six days afterwards a letter came from the Controller stating that "as a consequence of your withdrawal of £1 on demand, the full amount of the warrant for £72 sent to you on 10 inst. is no longer payable. I beg therefore you will be so good as to return the warrant to be cancelled." The politeness is beautiful, but the satisfaction is nil.

Bayswater, Too.

Another complaint reaches us—this time from Bayswater. When a depositor went to withdraw £10 10s., he was refused the money because he had not his book. The fact that it was held at the Blythe Road office made no difference. Through the P.O. not returning that book for over a week, the man lost a business deal, his profit, time, and expenses, and had to pawn things for family needs. Are these examples of the working of *another* dodge to prevent the withdrawal of deposits?

Starving the Invalids.

Surely the time has come to release invalids from the cruel pressure of the food restrictions. A piteous appeal reaches us from a poor woman at Bath, who—though suffering from a wasting disease—has been unable to obtain as much as an ounce of cream daily in the way of extra nourishment. Such scandals as this should be remedied before feeding the Huns.

Ban Belcher!

As a general thing we are not enamoured of censorships of any sort, but after all there is a limit to tolerance of objectionable things. If, then, it is true that Mr. Lionel Belcher, the man mixed up in the Billie Carleton Drug Tragedy, has been filmed as the chief actor in the drug scene of a cinema play to be released by the International Cinematograph Corporation, then we say that the cinema proprietors who permit its exhibition will convict themselves of dereliction of public duty.

A Bogus Council.

We note that that weird body, the Consumers' Council, is so enamoured of the Food Control experiment that it recommends the Government to acquire a permanent monopoly in the purchase of staple foods. It should be understood, however, that the Council has no title whatever to speak for the general body of consumers. It consists simply of three Labour "leaders," three ladies, appointed Heaven knows why, and six representatives of the Co-operative Societies. And its members are nominated by the Food Ministry!

The Way at Worcester.

The Worcester Board of Guardians has just decided by 9 to 6, on the motion of Mr. Tooth, seconded by Mr. Browne, to chuck the porter and the portress. The porter is a discharged soldier, wounded. The portress is the widow of the Union's former porter, who was killed in the war. When he married, the present porter would have taken himself and his wife away, but he stopped on to please the Guardians. The portress has a family of young children. This notwithstanding, the wounded hero and the widow of the hero get the chuck!

Scots Wha Ha'e.

Scots the wide world over will be vastly entertained by the translation of a German account of kilted warriors, with skirling bagpipes, marching through Malmedy—"singing that famous Scottish air, 'Keep the hame fires burnin'." The Malmedy Huns are quite as curious as some Sassenachs we wot of. "What," asked the onlookers of one another, "do they wear underneath?" But the gem of the piece is the statement that "Many sore hearts in Germany will be the sorer to know that the Scottish are not a truly Christian nation like ourselves." And this of a land whaur ye dinna dare even tae whustle on the Sawbath!

State Sweating.

Folks who look to "nationalisation" as a cure for all the ills that labour is heir to, should keep an eye on the Post Office. A caretaker-operator at an East Coast Telephone Exchange explains that she has to keep the place clean and tidy, and to attend to telephone calls at night, on Sundays, and during mealtimes, when the regular operators are away. The emoluments are 6s. 6d. a week wages, 11s. war bonus, and rent free quarters, without coal or light. On this the poor soul can scarcely afford a half-pint of fivepenny to drink the health of the P.M.G.

When the Lea Rises.

Every year, when the flood season is on, the River Lea rises to the occasion. Between Lea Bridge and New River bridge, Leyton, thousands of workers are held up when the waters are out. As this is an annual occurrence—sometimes oftener than that—the local bosses cannot plead ignorance. Were the Lea a West End river, the banks would be raised in a deuce of a hurry. Its being down East is no excuse for perpetuating a periodical disgrace.

Who Said "Hall Caine"?

Among loyal Manxmen relief at the retirement of Lord Raglan from the Governorship of the Island is mingled with some anxiety as to the future. We are told that what is needed is the appointment of "a broad-minded, progressive Governor," and if we have correctly interpreted the wishes and apprehensions of the inhabitants, we should be disposed to add that "No novelist need apply." Anyway, it is about time the vacant office was filled.

The Ship's Officer.

While hours of work and the pay therefor are under consideration, an officer on board a coasting vessel hopes, rather dubiously, that his lot will not be overlooked. It is 16 to 18 hours a day, no regular time for meals, and no overtime pay. He asks us to imagine having to spend 12 hours in the hold getting work done, followed by taking four hours' watch while running along the Coast. The conditions do suggest that an eight-hour day would be a relief.

The Medal for Specials.

The announcement is made that the King will bestow a medal on every Special Constable who has served in the force during the war. This seems to suggest that the Special who volunteered in 1914, and has served ever since, will be treated exactly the same as the man forced to join in, say, 1918. Probably every medal ever granted has bred some grumbling, but there does seem reasonable ground for complaint here, unless distinction be made by way of a bar or difference in the ribbon.

A Two-Faced Fraud.

We have just received, this time from abroad, another of those little buttons, from the turning-screw of a duplex lamp, which are marked, on one side "English Made, Duplex," and on the other side "Made in Austria." We dealt fully with these two-faced impostures some years ago, and were asked by the authorities for our evidence. It was promptly supplied, but we never heard that any prosecution followed. On the face of it—on both faces of it—it looks like a shameless breach of the law.

War-Widows Ask "Why?"

Every quarter, to enable them to continue to draw their meagre pensions, war widows have to obtain a form, or "life certificate," from the post office, fill in the countless particulars required, and get the fearsome document signed either by a magistrate, which sometimes means losing a day's work hanging around in a police-court, by a minister of religion, or by a doctor. Is the Ministry of Pensions so beggared of brains that it cannot devise some less humiliating method whereby the relicts of our dead heroes can obtain their paltry pittance?

A Dirty Theft.

Farmer Arthur Hughes, of Ardwyn, Llandrindod Wells, is a thief. He supplied milk to a hospital for discharged soldiers, and he took out 35 per cent. of the fats, and he popped in 16 per cent. of water. For this mean robbery from wounded heroes the Llandrindod Wells Bench fined him £5. And every day men go to gaol for stealing a loaf or a penny!

A Waiting Waiter.

One of those fine oldsters who volunteered, though over age and with 18 years service, came from Slater's, whose then Manager wrote that "it would be difficult for them to replace" such a good servant; but the firm is under different management now, and the new people have declined to reinstate him. Evidently this is because girls are being retained, but we should have thought the return of such a man as this would be welcome to Slater's and their customers. To leave him out, besides being shabby, is to miss a first-class business opportunity.

"Special Circumstances."

To the credit of his humanity, Mr. F. J. Robinson, of Sweetmoor Farm, Lea Marston, near Coventry, prosecuted a hand named Webb for cruelty to his horse, its tongue being found "torn from its attachments to the lower jaw." Webb "admitted taking the tongue of the horse in his hand and pulling it," yet Mr. G. D. Willmott, Chairman of the Coleshill Petty Sessions, said that "Under the special circumstances, the defendant would have to pay the costs and go under probation for six months." We have looked in vain for any special circumstances to justify so ridiculous a leniency. It is most inadvisable that the chair of Justice should be taken by a gentleman on the squint.

Damned Cheek.

This is really about the limit! A Taunton woman has had three sons disabled in the war. One is now dead; another has had his left leg blown off at the thigh, and has lost the use of his right arm. The other is unable to do anything for himself as his right arm has been wrecked by an explosive bullet in the wrist. The poor woman has for years been unable to get about, and her mother is paralysed. Now these brave boys have two sisters—one of them grown up and away from home, the other a school girl 13 years old. The authorities have been asked to allow this girl to stop at home to look after these helpless heroes—not to mention the helpless woman. The reply is that she must come to school half-time, and that the family ought to get a servant—which, "with all their pension money, they can well afford." What do you think of that for damned cheek?

Turkish Atrocities.

It is curious that in all our talk of "reparations" and punishment of enemy crimes, very little is heard of the proved atrocities of the unspeakable Turk. Yet, according to the latest evidence, the treatment of our prisoners in Turkish hands was as bad as anything to be found in the black record of German infamy. When the rope is got ready for the Hun criminals there should be a few spare nooses for their vile agents in the East.

Widow and Gas Company.

A widow living at Hounslow rents a slot meter from the Brentford Gas Company. It showed at last count 11s. 0d. deficiency—"through no fault of mine," she says. "I wrote to ask the Company long before Christmas if they would send and have the meter altered, as I should not be able to pay it in the lump sum, as I am an afflicted war widow with only 20s. 5d. per week to maintain myself and child, and have to pay 7s. a week for a three-roomed flat." Yet this poor woman has notice that unless the amount is paid in full the gas will be discontinued. But through the fund subscribed by our readers we have prevented this calamity.

Why pay Fire Insurance Premiums?
(See page 16.)

A Man Who Was Missing.

A farmer near Tarporley had six sons. Not one has served. The third was ordered to join up, and it is alleged that when the police called he had disappeared. He was seen no more until after Armistice Day, but is now back at home triumphant. The Ministry of National Service thinks nothing can be done, because recruiting is suspended. But we observe a prosecution pending at Hedon, Hull, against a man charged with evading military service by disappearing for three and a half years. So we press for a reconsideration of the Tarporley incident.

The Englishwoman's Castle.

The little cottage on the Earl of Warwick's estate had sheltered a West for three or four generations. And now the only one left there was Mrs. Stone (born West), the widow of a hero of Kut, who had served his 21 years before the war, and had rejoined at once. She failed to get an alternative pension because—well! because C.C.M.S. Stone had served his country too well. And when she lay in the house of the Wests, a bed-stricken invalid, Mr. Godfrey Payton, Agent for the Earl of Warwick, had her out! The cottage he offered instead of her home was then occupied by a soldier's wife—the husband in France. What price an Englishwoman's Castle?

Nothing for Tommy.

Though the Government have given a handsome subsidy to farmers, there is nothing doing for Tommy concerning the same. Take the case of an ex-soldier we wot of, who has now had the offer of 18 acres of land suitable for a dairy. He has not, however, quite sufficient capital to take the land off the present tenant's hands; there is no Government fund to help him. The State ought to set the example in encouraging such men not only to go back to the land, but to stay there.

Hands Off!

That distinguished soldier, explorer, and patriot, Sir Francis Younghusband, sharply condemns the proposal to establish a new federation of Arab States under American protection. "It was we who freed the Arabs," says Sir Francis. "It was by our sacrifice that Turkish domination was broken. By the tenacity of our people, the skill of our Generals, and the valour and endurance of our troops, we have won our present position in Mesopotamia, Palestine and Arabia. Why should the Americans enjoy what we have won?" Perhaps someone will tell us.

The Ploughs of Juggernaut

Wm. D. Dartnall, smallholder, of New Thundersley, Essex, was hay-making on his land when the steam tractor of the Essex Agricultural Dept. started ploughing up his property without notice, and gradually drove him off his field. What hay he had not had time to cut they destroyed; 800 feet of barbed wire was taken down, and the roadway was ploughed up to the door of the bungalow. The Executive Committee now offers for the 14 acre field £7 a year, or 10s. per *acre*, with £12 in full settlement of all other claim. Just imagine what a big landowner who had been robbed of his livelihood would have got.

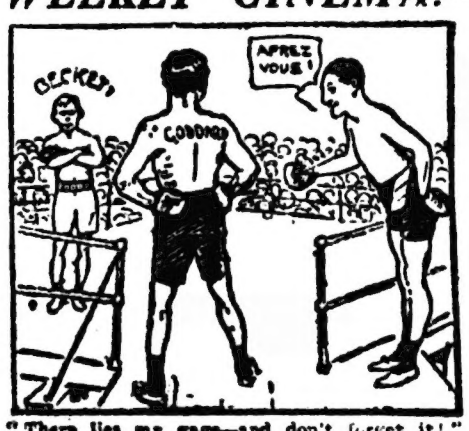
"Hindered by Drink."

Of all the dire effects of excess of alcohol, none can be more pronounced than the habit of lying induced by fanatical pumpuritanism. This probably accounts for the statement of Sapper J. R. Hebblethwaite, made at the Vale of Eden Primitive Methodist Ban of Hope a few days ago. "In France, etc.," he declared, "military operations were often hindered by drink." This statement has been made many times in various forms from the platform by the fanatics of the pump. More than once, although it has had to be apologised for as a lie, heavy fines have been inflicted under "Dora." It may be, however, that Sapper J. R. Hebblethwaite is in possession of special news. What then, will he tell us, have been the military operations often hindered by drink?

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

The miner, if he's wise, will cross;
All other routes must end in loss.

The sacrifice of all her best
Justifies France in her request.



"There lies my gage—and don't forget it!"
Carpentier cries to doubty Beckett.

While British trade in shackles lies,
Japan grasps opportunities.

Candid Communications.

This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and occasionally Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. Winston Churchill, M.P., Secretary of State for War.

Dear Mr. Churchill,—We are in the throes of a tremendous epidemic of influenza; more persons are dying from the disease than were killed in the war; we need doctors to cope with the scourge, and yet there are thousands of practitioners who could be demobilised who are wasting their time here and in France. I know you are at one with me in desiring that the doctors return to their civilian duties, and I am told that a mysterious department, A.M.D.I., is the stumbling block. Surely you are big enough and strong enough to put an end to the "impasse." John Bull.

To the Chairman, Blackpool Industrial Co-operative Society.

Dear Mr. Chairman,—You will keep your eagle eye more on your shops now, won't you, after having to pay 50s. fine for the scales at your Lytham branch being 9 drachms against the customer? What interested me most was your lawyer's assertion in Court that the Society had been proceeded against once only in 30 years, a statement he was obliged to withdraw when the police showed him a little list of 16 cases. So you will mind your step in future, I am sure. John Bull.

To the Chairman, Town Council, Leominster.

Dear Mr. Chairman,—Isn't your Council ashamed of itself? Daniel Watkins has served you more than faithfully for 20 years for the weekly wage of fifteen bob and no war bonus, but for the last few years with a *summer* bonus of 1s. per week. Out of that 15s., he provided plants and flowers for a public open space. Now he is 83, suffering from a fall while working in frosty weather and from chronic asthma developed while in your employ. He also has an invalid daughter. So you give him the sack at a week's notice, and will not entertain the thought of a pension. Well! if Dan's successor does you good service, he'll be a damned fool. John Bull.

To Sir Robert Horne, M.P., Minister of Labour.

My Dear Horne,—By the time these lines are read you will have taken your seat on the Treasury Bench as Minister of Labour. I hope that, sitting as we shall almost opposite each other, you will not think that in moving the rejection of the Bill to relieve you of the necessity of re-election, I was actuated by any unfriendly motive. Although a lawyer, you are one of the best; and if the Minister of Labour is to be someone in no way connected with Labour, I don't know a better man to tackle the job. You have a tough task—but the best of luck to you. John Bull.

To Alderman E. G. Parkinson, Wallasey Town Council.

Dear Alderman,—I am sorry you could not carry the Council with you in your appeal for fair play for the minor officials of the Corporation. A Council that can afford to pay its Town Clerk £1,200 per annum, rising to £1,550, and the other bigwigs on a similar scale, ought to be ashamed to offer less than £3 a week to married men who have served in the Army. So you thought, and so in effect you said. All credit to you, sir. John Bull.

To Mr. Henry Parry, Holyhead.

Dear Guardian,—I notice that at a recent meeting of the Holyhead Board of Guardians you recommended that an opportunity should be given to discharged soldiers to apply for the vacant position of Relieving Officer for the Llanfaelog district, saying:—"A discharged man . . . would not require to be paid so highly as another, as he would have his Government pension. Those who had fought for their country should be given fair play." If your idea of fair play is to deprive a discharged soldier of the benefit of his hard-won pension by paying him so much the less for his work, the sooner you are kicked off the Board of Guardians into well-merited obscurity, the better. John Bull.

To Chief Constable Riches, Middlesbrough.

Dear Chief,—I liked the way you talked to them the other day at the Middlesbrough Licensing Sessions. Instead of toadying to the pumpuritan element, as police officers are apt to do on such occasions, you boldly supported the workers' demand for more and better beer, telling the Bench frankly that "the liquid known as Government ale was of rotten quality" and "found little favour." A man of less honesty might have thought twice before saying it. So give me your hand. John Bull.

To Dr. C. W. Saleeby.

Dear "Doc.",—I see you have figured it out that there will very soon be three million more women than men in the British Isles—a state of affairs which you describe as "outrageous, unprecedented, infernally unhealthy, and a grave obstacle to monogamy." Unfortunately, I do not observe that you offer us any escape from this horrible position. It would have been so interesting to know whether in your opinion we ought all to set up harems, to ballot for the surplus ladies on Bolshevist principles, or to establish lethal chambers for their painless extinction. For a much-advertised man of science, you are disappointingly vague. John Bull.

To Mr. Thomas M. A. Rose, Innisleith, Ladybank, Fife.

Dear Tammas,—I see you have been advertising in the *Scotsman* for a "Pensioner, willing to assist generally; country; good home offered; no salary," and understand that what you mean by "assisting generally" would be to do "just anything that came to hand" on your small-holding of eight acres—"carry water from the well, cut up firewood, dig, hoe, weed, and just do anything that is necessary about a small place like this." Do you think it "just" to batten on the pension of a man who has earned that small monetary recognition by risking life and limb for his country, and to make a sort of domestic slave of one who has proved himself a hero? John Bull.

FORTUNES OF WAR.

HOW THREE MEN SAVED A LINER.

The other day we mentioned a case of a torpedo-boat crew who, having as volunteers effected the salvage of a vessel and cargo worth £500,000, received as a reward from the owners and underwriters exactly nothing at all! Now a seafaring reader tells us that in August, 1917, he was the leading member of a gun-crew of three on the Anchor-Brocklebank liner *Mahronda*, who put "paid" to a German submarine. It was a critical piece of work, enabling the liner, with a specially valuable cargo on board, to proceed safely on her voyage to Calcutta. Our gallant friend, who at the time was a member of the Royal Fleet Reserve, had none but the most modest expectations in connection with the affair. But he was naturally anxious to know what report had been made by the Captain, and so got into touch with the Anchor-Brocklebank headquarters. In the meantime, he had learned from other sources that, where, owing to the work of a gun or salvage crew, a ship and cargo were saved, certain rewards were payable—a report more or less confirmed when the Line officials, in recognition of his invaluable services offered him a gratuity of £8 10s.! The money was remitted by post, with two separate receipts for the gunner to sign, from which it may be inferred that this heavy liability had been shared between the shipowners and the underwriters at Lloyd's. Mean enough, in all conscience! Yet we know of a case in which the gun-crew of a vessel that was sunk and afterwards salved received £100. It is all very queer, but perhaps it depends upon how the matter is reported at Lloyd's.

POOR TAXPAYER!

COSTLY FUN AT BARNSTAPLE FAIR.

For many months, as we surmised, Barnstaple has been the scene of a monumental waste of public money. Under orders from the Admiralty, the new shipyard was to be devoted to the construction of ferro-concrete ships, the work being in the hands of a private concern known as the British Construction Company. As to the launching of the first completed ship, the best that can be said of the performance is that, for the more thoughtless of the spectators, it may have created some fun. The launch was so bungled and misdirected that the vessel stuck on the slipways, declining to budge until the next tide, when she was allowed to float off of her own accord. Owing to the damage sustained she settled in the river, and began to let in the water, the final result being that she broke her back, and collapsed, a hopeless wreck. The latest report is that the Admiralty Salvage Department have been called in to rescue as much as possible of the material of the vessel that it must have cost £20,000 to build. However, it seems that the shipbuilders are not at all discouraged by their first experience, and if report speaks true they have several more Government jobs on hand. At any rate, the British Construction Company have established themselves in handsome and commodious offices in Barnstaple, and it is pretty evident that they expect the sun to shine long enough for them to make a lot more hay. We suggest that before more public money is wasted the Government should send along someone with expert knowledge, to weigh up the situation and find the cheapest way out.

A LIAR AND A LAYETTE.

"HOPE DEFERRED MAKETH THE HEART SICK."

Mrs. A. Rickard, or Burrows, of 12, St. Mary's Road, Prittlewell, Essex, has a somewhat dubious way of doing business. Back in December she was advertising "Babies' Long Clothes." A Croydon resident responded, and received an answering letter couched in almost affectionate terms. "Dear Friend," she wrote, "the garments ad. are all quite new and all home-made were a complete Layette which is not now needed and are therefore offered very cheap in order to clear them right away. . . ." A selection of articles was made and £4 17s. 3d. was sent. As the letter suggested that the layette was ready for instant despatch, prompt delivery was naturally expected. However, the days passed, and the baby's wardrobe failed to put in an appearance. Mrs. Rickard, or Burrows, was consequently warned that unless the articles paid for materialised forthwith, the police would be notified. This brought Mr. Rickard, or Burrows, into the field with a letter in defence of his wife, saying: "I am writing to warn you that if you send her another such letter you will hear from me in such a way that you will not appreciate." The Chief Constable of Southend, when appealed to for his intervention, wrote: "I am frequently receiving complaints with regard to the person you refer to, but up to the present sufficient evidence cannot be obtained to justify my taking action against her." And so at the time of going to press the matter still stood—Mrs. Rickard, or Burrows, with £4 17s. 3d. in hand, and her unfortunate client waiting for the baby's garments.

STANDARDS OF VALUE.

The Army of Occupation and The Army of No Occupation!

"SENT HOME TO DIE."

MORE NEGLECT OF RETURNED SOLDIERS.

Yes, that is the plain, terrible fact. Case after case comes before us in support of our indictment. If neglect is murder, then men and boys coming home to be demobilised are murdered every day. Men march through France in the bitter winter, and sleep on the ground—no preparations made, no care taken, nothing done! Men jolt in open cattle trucks from Germany, or from the south, freezing to death on the way. Men who have been half killed by being transferred from Palestine to Salonika in tropical dress are completely killed on the way home. The boats that bring them to England hang about outside the port, and the men have often to sleep on the deck. When they land the dance begins again. If they come from France they have probably had hardly anything to eat since they left their units, yet they are marched hither and thither for the mere pleasure of red-tape till they drop by the way. Finally, what was an A1 fighting man a few weeks before staggers into his home to die. A common medical certificate is "pneumonia following influenza." But we should make it a verdict, and call it murder. We dare not reproduce the scores of heartrending, bitter letters we have received, but we will tell you a little. "Tossed aside like a worn-out glove," says one. "They give us their sympathy and promise a pension," says another, "damn the pension! We wanted our lad." "Shame on the country that treats her soldiers like this!" says a poor mother. "Is *this* the England we gave our all for?" they ask. And "no wonder the workmen are becoming Bolshevists," comes the bitter chorus. So, gentlemen, think what you do! If you have little consideration for our fighters now that their work is done, at least bethink you how you are poisoning the loyalty of patriotic men and women, and planting in their hearts an anger that may never die. They willingly risked all. At least they are entitled to fair play.

HEARTLESS BUMBLEDOM.

CALLOUSNESS TOWARDS A POOR LAW PATIENT

An inquest has been held at Birkenhead on the body of a man named Hughes, who died recently at the Tranmere Union Infirmary. At half-past six one evening, Hughes, who was suffering from meningitis, was admitted to this institution in a condition of extreme exhaustion, and restless as though from acute pain. After a preliminary medical inspection the poor fellow was taken charge of, not by a qualified nurse, but by the night attendant, an old man named Pilling, not at all the type of person to be entrusted with a responsibility of this kind. After an interval of four hours, the patient was again seen by Dr. Kirby, one of the resident medical officers, and the attendant was ordered to give him a sleeping draught. At two in the morning Hughes' condition was so desperate that Pilling asked the night porter over the telephone to call Dr. Kirby, but apparently this gentleman did not think it worth while to get out of bed. At any rate, the porter returned with a message signed by Nurse Chadwick, the night superintendent at the Infirmary, to the effect that the dying patient was to be given a hypodermic injection of morphia; but, very properly, the night attendant declined to undertake the task. He sent the porter again to tell Dr. Kirby that Hughes was dying, but the callous reply came back that whatever the patient's condition, they should "carry on." In the meantime, however, the poor fellow had died with none at hand to ease his last agony. At the inquest Nurse Chadwick stated that it was no business of hers to tend the dying man. As for Dr. Kirby, his excuse was that he knew from the first the patient could not live long, and that "nothing could be gained" by going to him at last. Yet the jury tamely found a verdict "according to the medical evidence," without condemnation of the brutal professional indifference which had left this poor fellow to die like a dog in a hospital maintained at the public expense by the *Guardians* of the Poor.

A DISGRACE TO GLASGOW.

THE BOYCOTT OF COLOURED BRITISH SEAMEN.

In Glasgow there are more than 130 British seamen walking on their uppers, down and out. They happen to be coloured men, but they are all true British-born subjects, who have served on British ships during the war. The men now cast on the streets have paid their subscriptions as members of the Sailors' and Firemen's Union, but the officials of the Glasgow branch have made and enforced a rule that no coloured seamen, even among its own members, be allowed to sail on British vessels. This is an unjust and unworthy step, reflecting on the good faith of the nation towards its own folk, and staining the credit of the Union and its officials. As we have condemned a black man who misbehaved, so we say that the woeful plight of these boycotted men in Glasgow is a disgrace to the country and demands immediate rectification. A Briton shall not ask in vain for justice in Britain because his skin be dark.

MORE MILITARY MEANNESS.

OFFICIAL DOWN ON THE DESPISED DENTIST.

The air is thick with the *promises* of War Gratuities. Even the Padre is to receive one! But the poor Army Dental Surgeon, like Old Mother Hubbard's dog, is to have none! Here is the typical case of an Army Dental Surgeon. He closed a good practice, joined as a ranker, and trained hard for the Infantry—but when dentists became urgently needed in the Army, was offered and accepted a Dental Commission. Many a Tommy who has passed through hospital for jaw or facial injuries will appreciate what is owed to the Dental Surgeon. But though wearing the General Service badge, he is expected to be satisfied with his £1 per day, paid monthly *in arrears*, and ceasing actually on the very day he is demobilised. Is he not as justly entitled to the War Gratuity as an Officer of the "Sanitary Corps," who with no hospital training, or any medical or surgical qualification whatever, wears the R.A.M.C. badge and is assured of his bonus? There are only about 1,000 Dentists. Surely it is not too much to ask that the Army Council shall do the right and gentlemanly thing by them?

DISABLED AND PENNILESS.

INJURED GIRL-SOLDIER'S CRUEL PLIGHT.

One of the principal objections to the present Out-of-Work Donation scheme is that it fails to help those who stand in the greatest need of assistance. A case in point is that of a girl at Yeovil, who was discharged from the Women's Royal Air Force with an injury to her foot. On application to the local Labour Exchange, she was told that she was not entitled to unemployment pay unless or until she was in a physical condition to take any kind of civil employment that might be offered. All the comfort she could get was contained in the official suggestion that she should try her luck with the Health Insurance authorities for sick pay at 7s.6d. a week. This she did. Apparently, while she was in the W.R.A.F. her superiors failed to take proper care of her fully-stamped insurance cards, and the girl is now informed that, as one of these cards is missing, she is "out of benefit." And the doctors tell her it will be some months before she recovers the full use of her foot, the condition of which, as she explains, is at present so painful that she is quite unable to go tramping in search of employment. A crowning insult, as the poor girl feels, is the offer by the W.R.A.F. Headquarters of the sum of 13s. as a bonus on discharge! What are we to think of such treatment after 18 months of loyal service?

HOME-SECRETARY AND THE GIRL-MOTHER.

ELLEN SULLIVAN'S DEATH—GROSS OFFICIAL MISSTATEMENTS.

BY CHARLES PALMER (*Assistant Editor*).

PERSONALLY I am in no way surprised at the answer of the Home Secretary to the allegations I made, with a full sense of responsibility, in the case of Ellen Sullivan. It is just what I expected. No abuse is so bad that it cannot find an apologist in Whitehall. Mr. Shortt, I would wager, knows no more about the scandalous remand system than Mr. Bros, who sent poor Ellen Sullivan to gaol and death. I have in charity given the Clerkenwell Magistrate credit for having sinned in ignorance. With the same toleration I am ready to believe that the grossly misleading answer which Mr. Shortt read out in the House of Commons the other day in reply to the question of Mr. Bottomley was made in complete but complacent ignorance of the facts.

What is the charge I have made, after going carefully into the whole case on the facts furnished by a responsible representative of JOHN BULL, who was present at the inquest and took full notes of the evidence? The charge is that Ellen Sullivan was done to death—a victim to a brutal and inhuman system which rendered it possible for a girl 17½ years of age to be refused bail for a "small offence"—I am quoting the evidence of Constable Hatter—and to be left without the comfort of her mother and the care of a qualified attendant, to give premature birth to her child, and herself to die in circumstances of shameful inhumanity. My story has evoked cries of indignation and reprobation from one end of the country to the other. The whole question of the treatment of "prisoners" on remand—persons innocent in law—is impugned. The answer of the Home Secretary is at once ignorant and misleading. He admits that Ellen Sullivan was in good health when Mr. Bros, ignoring the piteous pleas of the girl's mother, committed her to Holloway—*and kept her there.* How was it, then, that almost immediately afterwards she was taken ill with persistent vomiting? I will tell him. It was because this young girl, with the pain and peril of maternity confronting her, was shocked into a mortal illness by being forced into a prison cell. The Home Secretary gives the lie direct to my statement that Ellen Sullivan was locked in her cell. I retort that Susan Annie Cole, the wardress, stated at the inquest that "during her absence from the cell from time to time the door was locked, as technically Ellen Sullivan was a prisoner," and Cole "was responsible for her safety."

And what did the bereaved mother say at the inquest which seems to have given the Coroner so much satisfaction? When Mrs. Sullivan visited poor Ellen on the afternoon preceding her premature confinement and the death of her child, "the girl was exceedingly distressed, and begged her to arrange with the wardress that she should not be locked in, as she could not bear being left alone in this condition." Again and again Ellen moaned, "Don't let them lock me in, mother!" Poor child, because she was likely to become a mother, Mr. Shortt tells us, she was placed in a cell. Oh, but it was clean and warm, the apologetic Home Secretary hastens to add—"ventilation being provided by a window which opened." He did not tell the House of Commons that that window, like the door, was iron barred. Nor did he state that to summon the wardress Ellen would have to leave her bed and press a bell by the door of the cell. Has the Home Secretary, has the Magistrate, has the Medical Officer, Dr. Forwood, a child? Would *they* consider it decent, or humane, or Christian, to make the maternity-bed in a prison cell? Poor Ellen, we are told, was made to give birth to her child in a cell—and I repeat, a locked cell—"on account of her pregnant condition and to avoid her having to associate with older women." Let me say this: that I care not what offences those older women may have been guilty of, there was not one of them but would have shown more humanity.

No, Mr. Shortt, your defence of an infamous system does little credit to you. The remand rules are a disgrace to our Civilisation and to our Citizenship. Ellen Sullivan was innocent before the law, and yet you locked her up in a cell and left her to undergo the pangs of maternity without skilled attention and without a mother's consoling presence. I indict that system as un-Christian and inhuman. We are making a mighty fuss about a regenerated Britain. But those who rule us are ready to excuse and defend a system which denies to a frail woman all human sympathy and consideration. This matter cannot be smoothed over by official misstatement and departmental prevarication. If Sir Ruggles Brise, the head of the Prison Commissioners, is content to let things slide, then public opinion will insist that he makes way for a more humane and courageous official. The remand system is a blot on Humanity. Dr. Forwood, who had the power, did he choose to exercise it, to order the release of Ellen Sullivan, admitted at the inquest that there was no proper remand hospital "for the reception of such cases." The nation must see to it that unconvicted persons are not treated as sentenced criminals, and that the taint of gaol is not put upon decent citizens who happen to come within the cruel meshes of the law.

IN THE HOUSE.

THE EDITOR'S WEEK'S WORK IN PARLIAMENT.

A FAIRLY quiet week, but I managed to get in one or two important points. First of all, I have caused searching inquiry to be made into that tragic death of the girl-mother, Ellen Sullivan, in Holloway Prison. The reply is, of course, of the usual whitewashing character, but, as will be seen from the article printed above, the matter will not be allowed to rest, and I intend to take an early opportunity of calling the special attention of the House to it.

I have also elicited from the Home Office the promise to put into operation the provision of the Naturalisation Law making a period of service with the Forces equivalent to the residence in the United Kingdom necessary to qualify for naturalisation—a matter of great importance to many who threw in their lot with the Allies at the outbreak of war.

Then I followed up my previous inquiries respecting Sir Walter Townley, the British Minister at The Hague. When I originally suggested that after the ex-Kaiser incident Sir Walter had tendered his resignation, I was glibly informed by the Under Secretary of State that such was not the case. As, however, I am not in the habit of speaking without my book, I put down a further question—and received an apology from the Minister for having inadvertently misled the House in his previous answer!

I also directed attention to the fact that even now envelopes containing the Addresses of candidates at the recent Election, and forwarded to soldiers on the Absent Voters' Lists, are being returned undelivered. And I extracted a promise from the President of the Local Government Board that much greater care should be taken in the compilation of the new Register to secure the soldiers their votes.

Another matter of me public interest to which I directed attention was the ever-increasing issue of £1 and 10s. Treasury Notes, and I obtained the interesting information that up to 31st Dec. last no fewer than 799,598,319 £1 notes and 517,455,123 10s. notes have been issued—representing well over £1,000,000,000 of paper currency now in circulation! I also drew attention to the fact that the Government printers had been busily working on 5s. notes, but was assured that the Treasury does not contemplate the necessity of issuing them. It seems rather a pity they were ever printed!

I took a special interest in the debate on the threatened miners' strike, and had not the compromise proposed by the Prime Minister been accepted, I had arranged, at his personal request, to open the debate on the third reading of the Bill setting up the Royal Commission, and to make an earnest appeal to the Labour Party to give the Government an opportunity of ascertaining the exact present position of affairs. Mr. Lloyd George paid me the compliment, as he personally told me, of specially waiting in the House for my speech; but it did not become necessary for anything further to be said after the Miners' Members had promised to recommend the delegates to suspend the strike notices.

During the present week we shall be busy on Estimates and Votes on Account, and there are several items upon which I have my eye. In the meantime, I am watching with some interest the experiment of dealing with the voting of Supply in Grand Committee, instead of, as heretofore, in the House.

I may add that I have been approached with a view to serving on several Committees, but I prefer for the time being to conserve my energies for the work "downstairs."

There is one important subject that I may possibly bring before the House—although it is a difficult and delicate one. I refer to the extraordinary outburst of President Wilson during his recent visit to America. On another page I give extracts from his Boston speech, and I really think the attention of the Government should be drawn to what I have called his contemptuous aspersions upon the *moral* of the Allied troops prior to the advent of the United States "crusaders," and to the suggestion that American soldiers are "unlike all others." Exactly in what form I shall deal with the matter requires a little consideration—but deal with it I shall! I cannot allow the British Tommy to be flouted and insulted—by even President Wilson.

Our Parliamentary Bureau grows daily, and the many important matters brought to my notice are, where necessary, being carefully verified. Already several of them have been ventilated in the House with, I am glad to say, most gratifying results.

My correspondents must not assume that because they may not see their particular troubles mentioned they are escaping attention. There are many ways, apart from public questioning, of eliciting the sympathy of Ministers—and I can assure them I am fully familiar with "all the ropes" in the Parliamentary ring. Scarcely a day passes that I do not have long interviews "behind the chair" with heads of departments, or in the private rooms of Ministers, and I am bound to say that any grievance bearing the imprimatur of JOHN BULL at once receives the most sympathetic consideration.

H. B.

All communications concerning public matters or private grievances that may be brought up in the House of Commons should be plainly marked "Parliamentary Bureau" and addressed to Mr. Horatio Bottomley, M.P., JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.

A DEALER IN STORIES.

HOW TO SELL EVERYTHING AND EVERYBODY.

There is no doubt that R. H. Barnes, 25, Hindle Street, Haslingden, is a trier. When he smells money, he is after it. He advertised a small business for sale, price £30. What he had to offer was a "collection of 80 genuine, practical trade formulas"—doubtless the kind of recipe obtainable from street hawkers at a penny a dozen. However, Barnes offered to include, for the £30, a short story agency, a short story, and "an article that should fetch about £5 5s." The decision was "Nothing doing"—so in six days he wrote again, offering an agency to find mugs to join his "Mutual Aid Correspondence Club," all flats caught to pay 10s., out of which the agent could retain 6s. as his share of the loot. Whatever his short stories, Barnes ladles out some big ones.

AIR-RAID VICTIMS.

ARE THE HUNS TO PAY THE DAMAGE?

Even the No-Indemnity "softies" are agreed that the Hun must make full reparation for actual damage done, a demand which should include liberal compensation to persons injured in mind, body, or estate by the Gotha and Zeppelin raids. Some of the unfortunate victims are badly in need of a "bit on account." One very sad case is that of a widow with several young children, whose husband, an attested man under the Derby scheme, was killed by a Gotha bomb in the neighbourhood of Liverpool Street Station during the actual progress of a Medical Board before which he was in attendance. Technically, it is argued, the poor fellow was not a soldier! Another case is that of a man at Canning Town, who, in almost the last of the raids, sustained injuries resulting in the loss of an eye. The authorities have blankly refused to recognise the poor fellow's claim. We begin to think that the "softies" are to have their way after all.

SUPPOSING!

TRUE TALE OF A TRIED SERVANT.

Suppose that in 1868 you had begun work for one of the big Railway Companies at a wage of 16s. weekly, out of which you paid a compulsory contribution to the Provident Society of 6d. per week, increasing to 7d., and eventually to 8d., besides 3d. per week to the Pension Society. Suppose, further, that you left the Company's employ in 1912, after 44 years' faithful service, broken in health, and that on retiring you were granted a pension of 13s. 1d. per week, made up of one-fourth of your pay at the time of retiring (8s. 1d.) and 5s. from the Pension Society. Suppose, yet again, that, unable to live in any degree of comfort on 13s. 1d. per week, you had gone on the funds of the Provident Society and had been granted relief at 12s. per week for six months, 6s. per week for the next following six months, and thereafter 4s. per week for life; but that shortly afterwards the rules of the Society were revised and the benefits reduced to 5s. per week for the first six months, 2s. 6d. per week for the following six months, and 1s. 6d. per week for life. Suppose, finally, that to-day, at 70 years of age, after a life of unremitting toil, you found that all your years of faithful service had won for you only the weekly sum of 14s. 7d. (with the pound sterling worth 9s.), but that, all the same, this paltry sum debarred you from the Old Age Pension, and that you still had to go to work, labouring on the land, to obtain enough money to keep the life in your old bones—would you not feel that there was something rotten in the state of—England? We know *we* should—and *do!* For this is the true tale of an old and faithful servant of the Great Western Railway Company.

1919

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You will be doing *your* share to bring down food prices and help domestic economy. Remember that the results that repay your labour will depend to a great extent on the seeds you sow. Quality counts—that is why hundreds of thousands of JOHN BULL allotmenteers and cultivators make their motto "Rely on Ryders." There are no better seeds than Ryders—they cost you only 1½d. a packet, and give you the finest results.

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Still at 1½d. per packet.

All Britain responded to Ryders 1918 Vegetable Competition. So successful was it that an extended competition has been arranged for 1919. Prizes will be increased to three awards in every class of vegetable. Intending entrants should apply at once for Ryders New Season Catalogue, in which are full particulars. It is the most comprehensive money-saving gardening catalogue ever published. Write for it to-day (a postcard will do), and order early to avoid the rush.

Abolish disease by growing healthy Seed Potatoes from RYDERS HYBRIDIZED POTATO SEEDS, 6d. per packet.

Avoid Onion Fly and obtain early onions by planting ONION SETS (Ailsa Craig type), 2/9 per quart.

No agents anywhere. *Only address:*

RYDER & SON, LTD.,

Seed Specialists, ST. ALBANS.

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

BOMBARDIER WELLS.

Goo' mornin', s——' 'Ello, Bombardier! I never expected to see *you* 'ere this mornin'! 'Ow are yer? . . . *Fit in body but sick in mind?* Nonsense! Don' chew worry yerself like that. 'Ere, set down and 'ave a shave—at my expenso. Certain'y I 'oped you'd win, but I don't think none the less o' you becos you lorst. You're takin' it too much to 'eart. You're a thunderin' good boxer, p'raps the bes we've got; but w'en it comes to a fight—well, you don't shine—now, *do* yer? An' w'y? Becos you ain't built thet way. Cut out the knock-out blow, and work on points only, an' I dessay you'd pull it orf every time. But 'eavy-weight championship boxin' now-a-days is still *fightin'*, an' that's wot you seem to forgit. But Joe Beckett don't. The ole gipsy fightin' blood still works in 'im. Science is orl very well, out it's the *punch* wot tells—punch an' grit; you know, sorter grit wot never knows w'en it's beat, an' can take punishment. Now, in Joe Beckett you was up against one o' the ole-time boxers, in a sense. Or p'raps I sh'd say prize-fighters. You see the diff.? Prize *fighters*. Now, you couldn't 'ave stood up two rounds against some of the ole-time fighters, like Gully, Jem Mace, an' Tom Spring, simply becos they was like tigers in the ring an' didn't care a tuppenny cuss about points so long as they sent their opponent to sleep before the larst "Time!" was called. Joe Beckett is one o' thet breed, and it'll take one o' the same breed to put 'im under. Carpentier might, becos be'ind some o' these Frenchies there's somethink savage w'en they're prop'ly roused. Carpentier gits it from wot they calls 'is Latin origin—you know, the fiery passions wot belongs to people wot comes from the South. But you ain't got it. You've got the science. Well, you kin 'and thet on; an' one o' these days one o' yore pupils might 'ave the *other stuff* to back yore science up with, an' turn out a champion. Then, w'en 'e wins 'is belt, 'e might be proud to say 'e was trained by Billy Wells, the most gentlemanly fighter an' most artistic boxer wot ole England 'as ever turned out. But take my advice, Bombardier—unless you're abso-bloomin' lutely shore o' yerself, don't chew expose yoreself to defeat no more.

RHYMES OF THE TIMES.

My Little Home in the South West.

When my work in the City is done
Comes the fight for the 'bus or the train,
And the journey, though short
After leaving Earl's Court,
On my temper is rather a strain;
But when I at last have arrived
I feel like a bird in its nest,
For, take it from me,
I'm as snug as can be
In my little home in the South-West!

But alas! houseless soon I shall roam,
For my landlord, whom once I thought nice,
Last quarter saw fit
To tell me to quit,
Or buy at a fabulous price;
So, as I live up to my screw
And haven't a bob to invest,
I'm compelled to comply;
And shall soon say good-bye
To my little home in the South-West!

W. M.

"The Hidden Hand" Film can be seen this week at Broughty Ferry, Picture House; Ashford (Kent), Picture Palace; Stockport, Hazel Grove Cinema; Irlam, Globe Cinema; Ilkeston (Notts.), Globe Theatre; Broxwich, Electric Palace; Birkenhead, Electric Theatre, Park Entrance; Cradley Heath, Royal Electric Theatre; and next week at Manchester, Electric Theatre, Whitworth Street; Maybole, Garrick Cinema; Lerwick, Electric Theatre; Shotts, Pavilion Picture Palace.

WHAT'S YOUR H

Idealism and Reality—The Sin of the

By THE

I GATHER that President Wilson will be on his way back to Paris by the time this issue is published. He evidently does not like the present condition of the American political atmosphere. Or is it that, petted and pampered by Press and politicians over here, he has thoroughly deluded himself into the idea that he is the President, not only of the United States, but of the whole of the Western Hemisphere, and that Europe cannot possibly get on without him? I know it is a very unpopular thing to suggest that, instead of a high-souled dreamer and idealist, he is just a Yankee hustler, pulling our legs all the time; and I wonder whether, when he made that speech at Boston—which we are given to understand is the Hub of the Universe—he was metaphorically "winking the other eye." To speak plainly, if what he said was not such downright, unadulterated flapdoodle and balderdash, it would be a gross insult to Britain and her Allies. Let me give you a few examples. It appears that until America came into the war—having previously made a fortune out of it, by the way—Britain, France and Italy were simply fighting for sordid material ends, but America breathed a new spirit of righteousness into the conflict. "Speaking with perfect frankness, in the name of the people of the United States," says Mr. Wilson, "I have uttered as the objects of this great war ideals and nothing but ideals, and the war has been won by that inspiration. Men were fighting with tense muscle and *lowered heads* until they came to realise those things, simply feeling they were fighting for their lives and their country; but when these accents of what it was all about reached them from America, they *lifted their heads*. They raised their eyes to Heaven; then they saw men in khaki coming across the sea in the spirit of Crusaders. . . . Men have testified to me in Europe that our men were possessed of something that they could only call religious fervour. *They were not like any of the other soldiers.* They had a vision; they had a dream; they were fighting in a dream—and fighting in a dream they turned the whole tide of battle, and it never came back." Now I say, without any kind of qualification, that that is the language of either a fanatic or a humbug, and I don't think Mr. Wilson is a fanatic. Anyone who knows the facts is aware that the Americans were *very* much "like any of the other soldiers."

Soldiers in a Dream!

I could mention several incidents which have occurred in Paris to justify this statement. For example, there was a scene one night at Maxim's in which Americans played the leading part—which led to the temporary closing of the establishment. I wonder whether Mr. Wilson ever heard of it? And what about that special statement by General Pershing excusing numerous acts of violence on the ground that their number was not out of proportion to that of the American soldiers in the city? Mark you, I am not saying these things to the detriment of the American soldier on leave. He is just like every other soldier, a devil-may-care, reckless fellow—and he would be a poor soldier if he were anything else. Why this puritanical piffle of the President? And why the contemptuous sneer at the *moral* of the Allied Army till the "accents" of his ideals reached their "lowered heads"? Would you like another sample of Wilson's dope? If so, here you are: "America is the hope of the world. And if she does not justify that hope . . . men at the Peace Conference will go home with their heads upon their breasts, knowing that they have failed." Try and imagine old Clemenceau, "The Tiger," walking home with his head upon his breast—or, for that matter, Mr. Lloyd George, notwithstanding his greater susceptibility to the cant of the "Crusader." Let us try one more dose of it, and then turn to the realities of the situation. It appears that "every interest seeks out first of all when it reaches Paris the representatives of the United States. . . . They resort to that nation which has won the enviable distinction of being regarded as the friend of mankind. . . . Whenever it is desired to send a small force of soldiers to occupy a piece of territory where it is thought nobody else will be welcome, they ask for American soldiers. And where other soldiers would be looked upon with suspicion, and perhaps meet with resistance, the American soldier is welcomed with acclaim." What do you think of it? "Welcomed with acclaim"! Does Mr. Wilson mean welcomed by Germans, and Austrians, and Turks—or by the Bolshevists? He really should get someone to sub-edit his fine phrases! Had he done so from the outset there would have been less nonsense in those "Fourteen Points." Economic barriers, freedom of the seas, self-determination for the German colonies, and other rubbishy "notions," would have been struck out—including the fantastic League of Nations itself. Perhaps, however, Mr. Wilson will have dropped these overboard on his way home?

The Reality.

Now let us look at the other side of the picture. Here is a gloriously unconscious admission by the *Daily News* Special Correspondent in New York. Remember, this journal is all for the League of Nations; and this is how its representative justifies it. "Responsible finance recognises fully that the League is essential unless American commitments in Europe are to be written off. Her loans are sixteen hundred millions, or £10 per head. The repayment of these, or even the collection of interest on them, is impossible if Europe remains plunged in militarism. With twenty-five million subscribers here to the National Debt, this argument will be powerfully pressed in the coming campaign." There you have it. What Mr. Wilson has his eye on is the getting in of that sixteen hundred million from the Allies—and, incidentally, capturing all Germany's lost markets and the American and German vote for either his Party or himself at the next Presidential Election, which is now rapidly approaching. How he must laugh at our gullibility! Then there is the New York *Sun*—which denies that America went to war "for the sake of humanity," and insists that her one object was "to save herself." Again, what of that speech of Senator Lodge protesting that under the scheme of the League of Nations, America, instead of having "government of the people, for the people, by the people," is to be asked to "substitute on many vital points government of, for and by *other* people," and warning the United States against "being drawn by any hasty error or by any glittering delusions or through specious devices or super-national government, within the toils of international Socialism and anarchy." There is certainly no humbug about Senator Lodge, for whilst, as he says, he "wishes nothing but good to all races of men," as we all do, "America and the American people are first in my heart, now and always." And remember that Senator Lodge is perhaps America's leading statesman, and is about to be her Foreign Secretary. Why cannot Mr. Wilson be equally candid? And why do our own statesmen continue to fawn upon him as they do? After all, Britain has lent more than one thousand six hundred millions—as a matter of fact, nearly double that amount—to her Allies in the war, including a huge sum to Russia, which will never come back. Whilst as to bowed and bent heads—good heavens, did ever Britain stand more erect with pride than on that glorious day in August, 1914, when, at the call of outraged Belgium and France, her sons flew to arms? No, Mr. Wilson, it won't do. If you can't be sensible, at any rate don't be rude. You must be good enough to remember that, after all, Britain is a somewhat older country than America, and that she was making history for a thousand years before Christopher Columbus happened to notice those niggers on the beach. And we are rather proud of our traditions. With all respect, I suggest that you should add a course of *English* history to your scholastic studies before coming over here again. After all, what's your hurry?—we are getting on very nicely without you.

The Sin of the Slums.

But really I am getting tired of President Wilson and his pretensions. What is more, I join with those decent Americans who flatly refuse to be aeroplaned into an ideal world, and intend to remain on the terra-firma of reality. Idealism is all very well, but it is the material things with which we have to live. And I make no apologies

URRY, WILSON ?

Slums—Hurry Up the Housing Bill!

DITOR.

for dropping wordy Woodrow and turning to things I see before my eyes. What care I about all this talk of the Millennium when in my own constituency there are dirt and squalor and houses not even fit for pigs to live in? We are hearing a lot about wages, but very little about houses. What use is it for a decent man to work hard and earn good money when blood-sucking landlords refuse to make his house a real home, where wife and children can live in decency and comfort? I am out to fight these slum landlords and to let in the light upon their dark doings. South Hackney is largely inhabited by hard-working men and women—quiet, law-abiding citizens who do not grumble overmuch, yet many of them have enough to put up with to make them revolutionaries. There are houses which are a disgrace to twentieth-century civilisation—where there is hardly a whole window-pane, where there are great holes in roofs and walls, letting in the rain. The floor-boards are rotten, the walls and ceilings falling down. The rooms are small and badly lighted, the sinks and coppers are defective, and as to what we call the sanitary conveniences—well, they are filthy and disgusting. In one street there is a block of "model dwellings"—save the mark!—really a row of about half-a-dozen large houses, each one containing six families, and all the surroundings dirty and defective.

Sordid Surroundings.

If I were posing as a moralist, I should have a good deal to say about the effects of overcrowding in damp and dirty houses. But it is on humane grounds that I denounce what is to be seen, not only in my own constituency, but all over the country. I am making it my business to despatch Special Commissioners to various populous centres, and the reports already received reveal disgraceful and degrading conditions. Who can wonder that, in the words of the Prime Minister, we are a C3 nation when children are born and reared in such surroundings as my Commissioners describe? And yet these are the homes that many of our gallant fellows have fought for. What irony! Let me quote what one of my Commissioners says about certain slums in Plymouth, notably in High Street and New Street:—

> There had been a heavy fall of rain during the night, and the walls of several of the rooms—the house, in common with all the others in this quarter, is "rack-rented"—were sodden with water in consequence of leaks in the roof. Inmates report that they can hear the rats scampering about at night. The whole area of High Street and Vauxhall Street, in fact, is rat-infested. The houses, dark and dilapidated, are within a stone's throw of the Barbican, and the vermin invade the houses from the warehouses on the quayside. The entrance of many of the houses in these two streets is at the back, approached by dark, evil-smelling passages. There is generally a small courtyard, paved in parts with broken flag-stones. Water collects in the hollows and remains until it disappears in the natural process of absorption. These courtyards, or the narrow, dingy streets, are the only places in which the children of the neighbourhood can play.
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> In New Street—there is something ironical about the name of this street; as a matter of fact, it is a long, dark, winding lane, so narrow that there is barely room for a cart to pass down it—three-storey "houses" are built on either side. I should imagine most of them were built a couple of centuries ago. I called at Mrs. —— at 3 o'clock, and although it was a bright, sunny afternoon, I found the gas alight in her living-room on the ground floor. Without the gas one could not see across the room.

And so I could go on quoting Vauxhall Street, Flora Street, King Lane, King Street, Exeter Street, where houses are dirty and insanitary, and the landlord takes his rent and does nothing. "As one of the Health Visitors here"—begins a letter from Plymouth—"I have had some shocks in a month's work." My correspondent continues:—

> One enters filthy doorways, always opening off the pavement or down an alley. I am told to go upstairs for Mrs. So-and-So. I grope with hands and feet, and find a corkscrew stairway, with broken hand-rail and stairs rotting away; still groping in the dark, with the aid of a rope, I manage to pull myself to the top of the house, and find in a dark room the woman sitting in dirt and squalor, nursing her latest offspring—not long over her confinement, too weak to do much, and with not much heart to do anything except take care of the latest increase. I think that the soldiers and sailors I find home on leave must often wish they had never come back to such misery. There are dark holes where the gas or a lamp is burned all day, windows that won't open, dirty dilapidated walls, leaky ceilings, and endless smoky chimneys; houses built nearly on top of one another, in the backyards of others. Washing is taken in and done in a tiny kitchen full of children and dirt. Tired fathers, night workers, are trying to get their rest in the one and only room, with a wife and a family of children playing around and the latest comer, a tiny baby, struggling for an existence.

Now, the pity of it is that all this dirt and squalor will continue so long as there are not enough houses to go round. Many a decent person would refuse to be the victim of the blood-sucking landlord if there was any chance of finding another roof. But there isn't. Only the other week there was a Local Government Board Inquiry in Plymouth, and it was stated by the Town Clerk that the average number of persons per house, as shown by the 1917 census, was: in Plymouth 6.79, in Devonport 8.23, and in Stonehouse 7—these three towns comprising Greater Plymouth. The average for the whole country is 5.

Conditions in Liverpool

But what is to be found in London and in Plymouth is common throughout the land. So persistent have been the complaints I have received from Liverpool, that I sent one of my Commissioners to report on certain houses in Cameron Street, which are in a dilapidated state, owing to the landlords' neglect. This is what he says:—

> A soldier was in one of the houses, and I was ashamed to think that a hero of the war should be forced to sit awaiting his discharge in a hole that could not be made clean by the mistress of the house, willing though she was, because of the dirty walls and ceilings, handless doors, etc. The soldier particularly asked that JOHN BULL would take the matter up, as he was sick of the dark outlook. The tenants have been quite fair, having offered to pay their full share of the increased cost of paper, etc., but when they were offered 3s. 6d. as the landlord's contribution they naturally refused. It is plain the collector has been instructed to let the tenants "do it themselves." Windows are broken, doors are missing, and it is wonderful that the Medical Officer of Health has not paid a visit. At another house a grid was "up," and appeals to the collector proved unavailing, so the tenant wrote the Medical Officer of Health, and the matter was attended to the very next day. The tenants of another house have been in occupation for 27 years, and were married there, yet the kitchen has been done up once, nine years ago, and the whole place but once the whole time they have lived there. The kitchens and back-kitchens and indescribably bad, and with a number of children the houses must not only be objectionable but positively unhealthy. The collector, both before and after the war, would not spend money on the houses though rented at 7s. 6d. a week. One tenant offered to distemper his walls if the landlord would provide the material, but he said he couldn't get any. Further, he offered to pay towards the cost of papering the rooms, but the landlord couldn't get the men. It would seem a fair assumption that, as he cannot raise the rents now, he refuses to keep the places in decent repair.

Landlords and the Light.

In the majority of the cases where property is permitted to fall into an insanitary condition the landlord is careful to hide himself behind the collector. He never appears upon the scene—he is far too clever for that; and while he exacts the biggest possible rent for his pig-sties, he sees to it that his agent does not spend a penny in repairs. What is needed is to bring the landlords into the light of publicity, and so shock them into decency. Behind the rent collector hides many a rich man, many a so-called aristocrat, who lives in luxury in one of our stately homes of England, while his tenants are forced to dwell in dirt and squalor. I know that some of the small landlords have had a bad time of it since the war. Their case is a hard one. But the owners of the slums, the men who, commit these sins against humanity, and especially the children are not, as a rule, the little landlords; they are the big landlords. Not only are these men endangering the health of the people—they are also breeding Bolshevists, for nothing turns a man to revolutionary thoughts quicker than to see his family living in disgraceful and degrading surroundings, and to know that he has no remedy against his oppressor. Let us, then, drop all nonsense about fantastic Leagues of Nations, and the rest of it, and form ourselves into a *Home* League to see that, after all the suffering and sacrifice of the war, Britain *shall* be made "a place fit for heroes to live in." And we must begin with the slums

THE PEOPLE'S PULPIT.

The readers of "JOHN BULL" discuss matters of Public Interest.

In giving publicity to the views of correspondents, preference will be accorded to brief letters bearing name and address for publication.

All envelopes must be marked "People's Pulpit."

These letters, selected from our weekly mail, are confined to questions of general interest.

More personal matters are dealt with in our "Letter Bag" page.

The House Famine.

The suburbs of London and the Sutton district in particular are famous for the lack of houses, and most people one meets appear to be in the same position—either of having to buy at a fancy price or clear out. I received notice about the middle of last year to leave at Xmas, and being unable to rent a house of any description I eventually bought a small one (5 bedrooms) in the occupation of the military. I have seen the Colonel several times, but the only answer I get is that they may require the house for two months more or two years, he cannot tell.—STANLEY WATT, Benhill Road, Sutton.

(We would refer our correspondent to this week's leading article dealing with the whole Housing problem.—ED.)

The Coal Shortage.

I am a "small consumer," restricted to 1 cwt. a week (not that I could afford more, if it were allowed, being a soldier's wife), but the coal dealer with whom I am registered says he cannot come out in wet weather, and in consequence I am without a fire. I have had my aged mother ill with influenza and bronchitis. The doctor ordered a fire in the bedroom, but we could not get any coal. Last night I tramped all over Fulham and Hammersmith in the wet to get a small quantity, but could not even obtain coal blocks.—(Mrs.) DOROTHY STEELE, Burnfoot Avenue, S.W.6.

(We have called the attention of Sir Wm. Bull, the M.P. for Hammersmith, to the failure of the local authority to arrange for regular supplies.—ED.)

Landlord's Standpoint.

As landlord, I own cottages, also small villas, well-built; tenants quite satisfied. Example, cottage let at £26 per annum:—

Pre-war cost of building, £250—interest 5 per cent., £12 10s.; Ground rent, £3 10s.; Income tax, £3 10s.; Rates and taxes and Water rate, £8; Collection and Insurance, £1; Repairs, £2 10s.; Total, £31. Can you wonder at landlords wanting to sell?—ALBERT DURBIN, Grove Park, Lee, S.E.

(Pity the poor landlord! And our friend has left out the sinking fund for the redemption of his capital when his ground lease expires!—ED.)

State-Owned Hospitals.

Would it not be a credit if the State got to work and had some large hospitals, State-owned, in all industrial centres, obviating the hundreds of names on the waiting lists of our charitable hospitals, which are very scarce for civilian workers? You can just wait and be almost dead when your turn comes along.—JOHN QUINLAN, Fourth Street, Horden, Co. Durham.

(We have always been in favour of the State ownership and control of general hospitals.—ED.)

Salaries—and Strikes.

I read in last Tuesday's newspapers that the salaries of Sir Robert Blair, Education Officer, and Doctor Hamer, Medical Officer of Health, L.C.C., have been raised from £1,250 to £2,000 per annum, which comes out of the working man's pocket. Now I read that the London rates are going to be higher. Is it to be wondered at that when a working man reads things like this he gets dissatisfied?—W. R. GLOVER, Gordon Road, N.

(We quite agree that the Government should practise what it preaches, and should prohibit all further increases of salaries of officials of public bodies until wages generally can be improved.—ED.)

Five Guineas will be paid each week to the writer of what we consider to be the most interesting letter.

Because of the Child.

It is hard lines on a poor widow that she is refused a situation as Cottage Laundress because she has a child, a boy, age 9 years. I have written to place after place, and as soon as I mention him I hear no more. I wouldn't mind if I could get a cottage, to take in a bit of work, but I can't get one anywhere. What I shall do if I can't get a place or cottage I don't know, as I've no relatives, and my husband was killed in the War. To live on one's pension is impossible, without working.—(Mrs.) M. LEE, Wychnor Canal Cottages, Burton-on-Trent.

(We are afraid this is one of those hard cases for which there is no apparent remedy.—ED.)

To the Strikers.

A word to every man at present on strike in Great Britain: I am one of the thousands who have been on active service for three years and seven months, with never a day at home or a glimpse of those I love and long to return to. Have *you* fought your way on foot for 400 miles, seeing your mates fall dead round you? Have *you* dropped in your tracks on the march, raving with fever or thirst? Have *you* been days without sleep or smokes, months without a letter from home? No! *You've worked in safety for good money while we fought for you on* 1s. 6d. *a day.* And now by striking you are keeping men—who have suffered for you—back from their joyful homecoming.—SIGNALLER J. J. HIRST, 17 Mountain Battery, "Somewhere in Syria."

(We are sending our correspondent a copy of our "Sunday Pictorial" article—"Thou Shalt Not Strike!"—ED.)

The Women Who Wait.

Why is it that the first in France should be the last men to be allowed to return home? We women have put up with the loneliness and struggle for over four years, because we knew it was duty and honour that called our men away; but we want them home to give a helping hand with the children, and to have a little comfort after all they have had to endure. My husband and I are both getting fed-up with the way he is *not* being demobilised.—(Mrs.) J. FOX, Capworth Street, Leyton.

(We are afraid it is the case of America again—last in, first out.—ED.)

Those Business Licences.

It is a scandalous thing that our brave men now at the end of their military career have to make application to the powers that be for permission to re-open their businesses. If this is allowed to go on our Government must expect a continuance of unrest in the labour world. I am a shoemaker, and on joining the Colours in 1915 had to close up my small business. Am I upon returning to civil life to beg permission to be allowed to re-open my shop for the purpos of earning a living for self and family of twelve?—G. GIBBS, V.A.D. Hospital, Walmer.

(We agree that an ex-Service man should be entitled as of right to re-commence business.—ED.)

In the German Mines.

Let our Government claim a full miner's wage from the German Government or from the German mine-owners for every day's work we British Prisoners of War were forced to do in the Hun pits. If this could be done it would give any person, such as myself, who was a victim to their crafty and cruel methods, great satisfaction.—(Pte.) A. EMMINS, Napier Street, City Road, N.

(We quite agree that one of the first charges upon the Indemnity should be a payment to British prisoners who slaved, practically without wages, in the German mines and elsewhere.—ED.)

Government Laundries?

Why not Government Laundries, where deserving mothers of 2, 3 or more children could send their washing? The State means to protect the future generation. Do you know, I think half the cases of pneumonia in babies are very often the fault of clothes not well aired. The washing problem is the hardest for a mother, as when she has the copper or boiler just going, baby and other youngsters very often think proper to stop her.—(Mrs.) JAMES, New Street, Aberavon.

(Although against "washing dirty linen in public," we think our correspondent's suggestion worthy of consideration.—ED.)

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund.")

This fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

A Miner's Grievances:—He is an ex-Service man, and his health will not permit him to put in a full week's work. He has a family of little children, a wife lying helpless in bed, and owing to arrears of rent the bailiff entered whilst a young baby was lying dead on his father's knee. The poor fellow craved time to pay the debt, and wrote to us for a grant from our Fund.

Fatherless Children:—A soldier's widow was in great distress owing to the fact that her children were suffering through her being unable to feed them properly out of her income. She keeps an apartment house, and has some of the rooms empty, consequently could not pay her rent; neither can she work, as she is under the doctor.

A Precarious Livelihood:—A young woman with a physical deformity has been earning a few shillings weekly by means of a sewing machine, which she is purchasing on the hire system. She has been laid up, and the payments have got in arrear. She is meantime dependent upon her widowed mother, and is afraid she will have the machine taken away by the company, and thus lose the source of future support.

Her Great Trouble:—A soldier's wife has lost her little boy after many weeks of illness. The child was uninsured, and the mother's savings were exhausted before the doctor's bill was paid. Many other debts were also on hand, and could not be settled from the Army allowance.

Bootless Children:—The wife of a discharged man was in sore distress owing to the fact that she could not send the children to school, she having had to pawn their boots, as well as her own. Her husband is a sufferer from dropsy, and has not done much work since his discharge to civil life.

A Poor Outlook:—An aged couple are in want through the man having had an accident, which was followed by blood-poisoning. He is now in a wasted condition and not likely to work any more, and what few shillings the wife earns will not pay the rent and necessary expenses.

A Few More from the List:—

Sailor's wife lost her purse containing her Navy allowance. No money to buy the children food.

Ex-Service man disabled from work for a few weeks through opening of wound. Wife and small family to keep.

Child run over and killed. No money for burial. Soldier-father in hospital.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

WHAT HAVE *YOU* GIVEN?

(Although there has been a cessation of active hostilities at the Front, there is not only no diminution in the number of claims which we receive from soldiers and sailors and their wives and dependents, but an actual increase. Indeed, this war will leave a legacy of trouble and suffering for many years, which it will be the privilege of ourselves and our readers to do what we can to assuage.)

"Apples," 5s. 6d.; T. H. (Gt. Yarmouth), 2s.; O. C., 2s. 6d.; Mrs F. S. B. (Pretoria), 5s.; "A Constant Reader" (Southend), 4s. 6d.; G. D. (Southampton), 1s. 3d.; M. B. (Fulham), 8s.; "Taxi Driver 5272," 1s.; O. N. (Oldcastle), 2s. 3½d.; "3/6 Winner M.," 3d.; "W.," £1; B. O (Ipswich), 1s.; L. P. (Worcester), 6d.; H. & M. S. (Hutton), 1s. 6d.; R. H. T. (Abington), 10s.; Mr. S. (York), 1s.; T. L., £1 1s.; "One Who Dislikes to be Led by the Nose by Wilson, Who's Done Little Fighting and is Doing All the Settling," 10s.; "Wilf and Loo," 5s.; "Bromley, Hull," 1s.; W. A., 5s.; "Ex-British Blue," 10s.; "Soldier's Wife" (Hornsey), 4s.; "Emsworth," 1s.; "Gratitude," 10s.; "A. S. B. G.," 2s. 6d.; Mrs. S. S. W. (Southsea), 1s.; Pte. T. M. (R.E.F.), 5s.; R. F. O., 6s. 6d.; "A New Zealander," 10s.; A. J. B. (Bournemouth), 2s. 6d.; B. O., (King's Lynn), 2s. 6d.; A. G. (Leyton), 5s.; A. W. B., 5s.; W. H. C. (Ealing Common), 5s.; H. P. (Chester), 4s.; "Sire," 1s.; F. C. (Westminster), 15s.; "An Old A.A.F.," 1s. 6d.; R. B. (Darlaston), 1s. 10d.; "Frock Jack," 2s. 6d.; R. B. M. (Barnard Castle), £1; A. C., 5s.; Mrs R. (Gateshead), 1s.; "Matilda" (Richmond), 5s.; M. A. (Salisbury), 1s.; C. A. M. (Grange Town), 1s. 6d.; H. L. W. (Leytonstone), 5s.; "Lt.-Col.," £1 1s.; Mrs. R. G. C., 2s.; "Sincerity," £1 1s.; "Fair Play," 10s.; A. L. (Limerick), 5s.; "Tommy's Friend" (Carlton), 2s.; "A Soldier's Wife and Children," 2s. 6d.; T. A. A. G. (Richmond), 5s.; "A Poor Actor," £3 3s.; "A Scot," 10s.; "A Clivvie Again," 10s.; T. C., £1; Anon., 6d.; P. W., 1s.; L. H., 6d.; G. G., 1s.

Mr. G. J. Vick, the winner of the First Prize in our 318th "Beliata" Competition, has kindly sent us £5.

FROM THE MURMAN COAST.

A PELMANIST'S EXPERIENCES.

Wherever the British Army goes, the "Little Grey Books" follow. They are to-day almost an integral part of the outfit of a British officer or soldier.

Even from the bleak Murman Coast, where a British force is gallantly holding back the Bolshevist hordes, come letters full of gratitude for what Pelmanism has done for its students.

Here is one such letter, recently received:—

"Your lessons so far have been very valuable to me. Thanks to your teaching, the———of the North Russia Expeditionary Force selected me to be his typist; later, through my interest in some rather difficult problems—which became comparatively easy when the Exercises, especially Exercise X, were applied to them—he made me his confidential clerk.

I realise how much I have lost through not enrolling in the Pelman Institute immediately upon my arrival in England in the summer of 1917.

Your exercises have also been of intellectual benefit to me; thr ugh their aid new interests are opening out. What at first appeared to be a very barren outlook in Russia now has every sign of being very profitable, for my knowledge of Russia, its people, its industries, its resources and possibilities are on the upward plane—I am learning how to see, and having seen, to understand."

This letter emphasises in a peculiar and striking fashion "the interest-power" aroused by Pelmanism; and "Interest," as everybody knows, is a big item of the secret of success. The man who is interested displays keenness—and keenness to reach a definite goal has never yet failed to result in progress.

Let every non-Pelmanist reflect upon this letter: let him consider what it means. Here is a man taken from civilised life, from his home, his regular occupation, his usual environment, and set down, a soldier, upon one of the most inhospitable and apparently uninteresting parts of the European Continent.

His first sensation is one of hopelessness: his uncongenial surroundings discourage him. Left to himself he would become the victim of circumstances, as so many have done.

He takes up Pelmanism. He has heard much of it and, without attaching much importance to it, decides that he might as well study that, having nothing else to do in his leisure.

Within a few weeks he begins to be conscious of a new stimulus; his outlook brightens, his individuality begins once more to assert itself. He learns the grand truth which so many have now learned—*that "circumstances" cannot extinguish the man who refuses to be extinguished.*

His activities—inspired by the "Little Grey Books"—revive; his faculties respond to the wholesome and invigorating Pelman exercises—as they always do. Success follows almost immediately: a small success but it is quickly followed by further success. New interests appear; he begins to find there is more—much more—in his environment than he was conscious of before. To use his own words, "I am learning how to see, and, having seen, to understand."

How many unsuccessful men and women realise that they themselves are largely to blame for "not having seen." There are some who live all their lives confronted daily by possibilities and opportunities which they never see; clerks who might become managers if they *saw* what was in front of them; salesmen who might become organisers and directors if they would view their human and other surroundings with *seeing* eyes.

If Pelmanism did no more than compel its students to a wider and deeper vision, it would justify all that has been said in its praise. But it does far more.

Having awakened you to a realisation of opportunity—having shown you that for each and all of us the world is still full of measureless possibilities, it then develops in you a sense of your own potential powers, stimulates you to a resolve to develop and use those powers, gives direction and strength to your efforts, shows you how to train and apply your faculties, and finally lead you to that form of success which is your heart's desire.

There is no magic in it. It is so simple and as understandable as the development of muscular strength and dexterity by regular physical exercise. An athlete can train any particular muscle or group of muscles by means of definite physical exercises; so the Pelmanist trains a faculty—any faculty, or all of his faculties—by practising the simple and interesting mental exercises set in the "Little Grey Books."

The result is never in doubt. There has never yet been a single case in which the Pelman exercises, regularly followed, have failed to produce benefits. It may be that only 20 or 30 minutes a day can be devoted to it; that does not matter. If the exercises are conscientiously followed, you will find the benefit coming *from the first*,—benefit that you yourself can note and appreciate.

The mere fact that well over 400,000 men and women of all vocations have now adopted Pelmanism says a great deal for the system,—proves that it is no new experiment, but a thing of tried and proved practical worth. Amongst those 400,000 you will find many who have been placed exactly as you are now placed—who have felt just your fears and hopes—have experienced just your disappointments—and who have finally taken up Pelmanism to find—sometimes in the very first of the "Little Grey Books"—just that information and guidance which has changed their careers from failure to success. **Can you afford to neglect Pelmanism?**

WHAT "PELMANISM" IS DOING.

Pelmanism is enabling *Business men and women* to increase their income-earning capacity by 100 per cent., and in some cases by even 300 per cent.

"Thanks to the Pelman training, I have been transferred and have made such good progress that my salary is now doubled. I proposed and carried out a loose-leaf costing system that has been an absolute success. The Pelman System has been my faithful friend," writes a Clerk.

Pelmanism is helping *Professional men and women* to achieve better results with less effort, to enlarge their incomes, to increase their prestige, and to secure rapid advancement.

"I have found the Course particularly useful in my business; it has helped me to advise far more usefully, and to deal with professional work and problems far more efficiently. Altogether I have no hesitation whatever in recommending the Pelman Course as a wonderful tonic to the mind. No one who practises the System perseveringly can possibly fail to receive great benefit," writes a Solicitor.

Pelmanism is helping *Schoolmasters, Teachers, University and other Students* enormously in their educational work.

"My memory is greatly improved, but far beyond that is the inspiration infused into my flagging energies. I am situated in a very lonely district, without one friend to associate with educationally, and the strain was beginning to tell. Your lessons woke new aspirations, and I am now taking up new work, and feel intellectually quite another being," writes a Headmaster.

Pelmanism is enabling many people to *learn Foreign Languages* in one-half to one-quarter the usual time.

"By a judicious use of the rules given in lesson 4 I have been enabled to learn (without any extraordinary effort) during the past week as much French (grammer and vocabulary) as would have taken a month's hard work to learn previously," writes a Student.

Pelmanism is helping people to become *fluent public speakers* and to dispense with notes in lectures and sermons.

"It is now 12 months since I used a note of any kind in public speaking. I hardly dared to believe that I could so completely abandon them. I thought that for special occasions I should fall back on notes, but this is not so. This is a great satisfaction to me," writes a Clergyman.

Full particulars of the Pelman Course are given in "Mind and Memory," which also contains a complete descriptive Synopsis of the 12 lessons. A copy of this interesting booklet, together with a full reprint of "Truth's" famous Report on the work of the Pelman Institute, and particulars showing how you can secure the complete Course at a reduced fee, may be obtained gratis and post free by any reader of JOHN BULL *who applies to The Pelman Institute, 15, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.*

Overseas Addresses: 46-48, Market Street, Melbourne; 15, Toronto Street, Toronto; Club Arcade, Durban.

THE original FREE Fire Insurance offer—see page 16.

"TOMMY AND JACK."

Dealing also with the Discharged Sailor and Soldier and their Dependents.

OUR PLEDGE.—"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—*Horatio Bottomley*, 19th August, 1916.

"TOMMY."

The Wrong Way:—We commented on the unpaid acting ranks of Netley Hospital a few weeks ago. Our hint has been taken by the authorities to the extent of paying two of the men, but the couple who have been the shortest time in the Company have been selected. This is decidedly unfair to the seniors.

Deceived:—According to published Regulations, the interpreters at Cologne are entitled to a gratuity from time to time. They keep on applying for it but are turned down, no reason being given. Another scrap of paper!

Mons To Ormskirk:—"Straight from the stable" it reaches us that a number of Mons heroes and older men are still held at the Remount Depot, Ormskirk, although they have in their pockets their former employers' guarantees of work. On the supposition that the stable tells the truth, it is difficult to understand why they are not released and their places filled by men who have no present civil employment to go to. They would not have to queue up at Labour Exchanges for a mean wage at a measly job, anyhow.

Where the Money Goes:—Here is a Part II Order at Cherryhinton and Barnwell Hospitals—"Court of Inquiry:—A Court of Inquiry, composed as under, will assemble at Cherryhinton Military Hospital, on 30th January, 1919, at 14.15, to inquire into the circumstances under which an earthenware washing basin was broken. The proceedings will be rendered in duplicate. All witnesses will be duly warned to attend." Possibly, it cost about £10 of public money to discover who broke the basin worth a few shillings, and who should pay for it. Isn't it damned nonsense?

"JACK."

Director, Please Note:—The crew of the Royal Fleet Auxiliary *Celeral*, at Copenhagen, have forwarded a manifesto to the Director of Transports which we hope will be heeded. They are about the only crew out there who have not up to the present received their Christmas leave.

Spoiling Their Fun:—When the minesweepers at the Oban station are given shore leave, which is not very often, they are required to return to harbour by 9 p.m.—so that if they go to any place of entertainment they usually have to come out before the show is finished. A reasonable concession on this point would be gratefully appreciated.

An Injustice:—A number of the crew of the *New Zealand*, who fought the ship in the battle of Jutland, were removed to shore barracks, and their places taken by men from the *Iron Duke*. Surely those who saw the hard work and fighting on board should have participated in the good times which the vessel will have on her present trip around the world.

The Book "Jack" Wants:—Quite a number of Admirals and others seem determined to lose no time in washing as much dirty linen in public as they can get together. But the book the lower deck really wants to see is a political and parliamentary study of "Dr. Macnamara, Self-Styled 'Little Father of the Fleet,'" by the Secretaries of the Port Joint Committees.

"Death Leaves."—Admiralty restrictions concerning death leaves have been cancelled, but the skipper of H.M.S. *Royal Sovereign* appears to have overlooked the fact, thus causing discontent among his crew. As there are no hostile Hun ships about now, he might relax a little.

"THE SILVER BADGERS."

Secretaries of discharged Sailors' and Soldiers' organisations, in sending cases of injustice or other information, should mark their envelopes "Silver Badgers."

Our Mentors:—In and out of Parliament, Ministers and others call upon those who engage labour to play the game. At the same time, some of our Government Departments show up as badly as the profiteering pirates, so far as our Silver Badgers are concerned.

Making Trouble:—We note the growing tendency on the part of employers to offer the minimum pre-war wages to Badgers who ask to have their old jobs back. The temper of the workers is none too good at present, and we hint that some of the employers are asking for trouble.

Jack Ahoy!:—For instance Badger F. Squire wrote to the Fisher Renwick Manchester-London Steamers Ltd., asking to be reinstated in his old berth, and it was promised to him on January 8th. A few weeks afterwards Squire was demobilised, but was then told that the Company were extremely sorry they were unable to take him on.

Stopped at the Post:—In all graciousness, a man's release from the Army was granted to a firm who have an opening for him on their rubber plantation in Borneo. But he cannot get out to it because the Government has booked all the berths. Unless it desires to nullify its own work, it will grant him one of those passages, if only as far as Singapore. The rest of the journey he could "do on his head"—or his heels.

Hardship at Hackney:——When Thomas Williams asked the management of the Hackney Projectile Factory why they were dismissing him, he was told that it was on account of demobilisation. We would point out to the firm that it is not fair to sack Badgers, as they are doing, and retain men who never saw service. This is not the first complaint we have had against the concern in question.

RACING NOTES AND ANTICIPATIONS.

By "THE SQUIRE."

THE PROVINCES TO HAVE A TURN.

After the successful Sandown meeting, we are to have a little lull in the South, whilst Wolverhampton, Haydock Park and Warwick get a turn. Then we come back to Gatwick—where the Hurst Park programme is to be carried out on the 13th and 14th, followed by Lingfield on the 18th and 19th, and two more days at Sandown—which takes over the Kempton Park fixtures on the 20th and 21st. Then, with the exception of two more days at Lingfield, on April 2nd and 3rd—by way of consolation for the recent abandonment—we shall have no more London jumping till May 3rd, when there is to be a final Saturday meeting at Sandown Park—unless, indeed, Windsor should succeed in getting another fixture to make up for its past bad luck. For the rest of the winter programme we shall have to go to Liverpool, Manchester and elsewhere in the provinces.

We were all disappointed not to see Waterbed out at Sandown. Wavertree, however, gave an extremely smooth performance, and by his clever victory at once became favourite for the National. Personally, however, I entertain no doubt that Captain Dreyfus would have won had he not come to grief just before entering the straight the second time round. My fancy is still Waterbed for the big race.

I am now busily engaged endeavouring to get something reliable about the Spring Handicaps, and shall hope at an early date to be able to indicate the probable Lincoln winner. I may say at once, however, that I do not think it will be Hainault.

The Wolverhampton programme will have been disposed of before this issue appears, and I must therefore confine my selections to Haydock Park.

Friday.

County Maiden Hurdle Race, O'Flynn.
Paddock Steeplechase, Menlo; if absent, Sir Percy.
Golborne Hurdle Race, Harry Crag.
Friday Hurdle Race, Carol Singer.
March Steeplechase, Bell Toll.
Flixton Steeplechase, Seneschal.

Saturday.

Club Hurdle Race, Granchester.
Saturday Steeplechase, Memento.
Newton Steeplechase, Sergeant Murphy.
Farm Hurdle Race, Seventy-Five.
St. Helen's Steeplechase, Toadstone.
Glazebrook Hurdle Race, Ivanhoe.

EVERYWOMAN'S 1d.

The Weekly Journal for the Up-to-date Woman.

FREE Coupon Pattern of Dressing Jacket with home dressmaking lesson given away this week.

FICTION
COOKERY
AND
FASHIONS

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"Evening Standard":—
"Harry Ashworth, who rode Royal Signet, only returned a few days ago from France. He hopes to be demoralised shortly."

"Harrod's Catalogue":—
"Owing to supplies being very small, we advise ordering cheese . . . as per list. Large supplies arriving twice daily."

"Lady" (advertisement):—
"Boy's covert coat, very little worn, 9 ft. 11".

"St. Pancras Chronicle":—
"Chief Inspector Gough . . . will shortly retire after about 28 years' service, 27 of which have been spent exclusively between Scotland Yard and Bow Street, in which latter place . . . he was responsible for the defective organisation."

"Daily Mirror":—
"Her hair is always exquisitely dressed, and her shoes in perfect shape. No more in the way of dress is required of any woman."

"Glasgow Evening Times":—
"A monthly holiday, closing all day every Wednesday is also to be observed from April to September."

"Sydenham, Forest Hill and Penge Gazette" (advertisement):—
"Wanted . . . Person, help children and clean nurses."

"South Wales Echo":—
"Huge liner at the Docks . . . The *Gelria* . . . has a gross register of 13,868 pounds, and is 541 feet in length."

TELL US HOW YOU ARE.

ALL WE ASK FOR A MONTH'S NATURE CURE.

We trust you! We don't ask you to trust us.

Are you noticeably well? Have you more energy than you need? Does nothing tire you? Are your eyes clear and bright with the overflowing vitality that makes you a joy to your friends? Are you a man of irresistible virile personality? Are you a woman whose feminine charm makes her the centre of attraction?

This would describe many people who were far different before they absorbed the vitality locked up by Nature in VITÆ-ORE. Be like them. Banish headache, tired backs, nervous debility, liverishness, from digestion. Have an appetite and digest everything you eat.

VITÆ-ORE is a residue of a natural mineral spring.

You dissolve it, and take a little in water, after each meal. That is all. There is so much vitality locked up in it that it has been very effective in stubborn cases of—

Nervous Weakness, Debility, Dyspepsia, Neurasthenia, Neuritis, Anæmia, Rheumatism, and all "run-down" conditions resulting from Stomach, Liver, and Kidney Weakness.

We want you to try VITÆ-ORE at our risk. Over 15,000 JOHN BULL readers have accepted our offer.

We will send you a month's supply of VITÆ-ORE on your simple promise that if you are benefited you will pay. **SEND NO MONEY NOW.**

WE COULD NOT OFFER THIS IF VITÆ-ORE DID NOT REALLY CURE.

A comparatively few failures would put us out of business.

An exception has to be made to this offer; that is, our inability to send a month's supply to those on Active Service. This is a regrettable necessity, but readers will understand that soldiers who are constantly on the move have not the facilities for carrying about a pint of solution which the packet of Vitæ-Ore makes; therefore, a proper trial is out of the question.

But Vitæ-Ore does cure. The greatest medical authority in the world is the *Lancet*. The *Lancet* said of VITÆ-ORE: "The clinical results obtained were satisfactory." The Government analysed VITÆ-ORE, found it a genuine natural remedy, and exempted it from stamp duty.

WHEN YOU ARE BENEFITED

the whole month's treatment only costs you 4s. 6d. You pay at the end of a month, or write that you are no better. One or the other. No benefit, no pay. Benefit costs only 4s. 6d. Could anything be fairer? Could we make this offer if VITÆ-ORE did not benefit practically everyone? Ask yourself the question.

Fill in the Form and start the new life now.

To THE THEO. NOEL CO., LTD.
(Dept. 19), 29, Ludgate Hill,
London, E.C.4.

DEAR SIRS,—

I enclose 3d. for postage. Please send me a month's supply of "Vitæ-Ore," with full directions and free book of particulars.

I will use it according to the "Directions," and promise to report results in 30 days. The ailments which trouble me are:—

.....

If it does me good, I will send you 4s. 6d. in payment for the month's course of treatment. If not, I will write and say so, and in that case YOU ARE TO CHARGE ME NOTHING.

Name .....

Age .....

Address .....

.....

THE INTERNATIONAL PAINT AND COMPOSITIONS COMPANY, LTD.

The eleventh ordinary general meeting of the International Paint and Compositions Company, Ltd., was held on Monday, 24th ult., at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C., Colonel Sir Herbert Jekyll, K.C.M.G. (the chairman) presiding.

The Chairman said that the profit for the year amounted to £83,232 odd, an increase of less than £1,000 on the figure for 1917. They proposed to appropriate £6,000 to the payment of the final dividend at the rate of 3 per cent. on the preference shares, making, with the 3 per cent. already paid, 6 per cent. for the year, and £15,000 at the rate of 6 per cent. on the ordinary shares, making, with the 4 per cent. already paid, 10 per cent. for the year—the same as in 1917. In both cases the distribution would be made less income tax. They further proposed to apply £20,000 to contingencies.

These items, amounting to £41,000, left them with a balance of £42,786, and this amount it was proposed to carry forward.

Working charges, salaries, wages, etc., came to £79,473, compared with £49,507 in 1917.

Trading profit was £128,683, as compared with £97,236 in 1917. Investment revenue showed a slight decrease from £34,521 in 1917 to £33,856 in 1918.

The retiring directors and auditors were re-elected.

APPOINTMENTS WORTH UPWARDS OF **£1,000 A YEAR**

Accountants. Secretaries. Auditors. Cashiers, etc

SPECIALISED POSTAL COACHING

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"STUDENTS' GUIDE" POST FREE.

METROPOLITAN COLLEGE

Dept. 31. ST. ALBANS.

CRAYOL CIGARETTE CARTOON—No. 2.

"Pray take one, Doc.; they're old Virginny's best,"
Says smiling David to his fellow-guest;
And Woodrow beams responsive as he spies
The priceless CRAYOL held before his eyes.
"We're getting on," says he, "for here's indeed
A fifteenth point on which we are agreed."

CRAYOL

VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

The only match for a CRAYOL is the one you light it with.

Those who like a cigarette made of Oriental tobaccos should also try "KARAM," 10 for 6½d.; 20 for 1s. 1d.

20 for 10½d.

10 for 5½d.

P.C.B.—51

De-mOLD-BILLised!

Whether demobilised or not, your soldier friend will appreciate a set of the screamingly funny

BAIRNSFATHER HANDKERCHIEFS

Ten different "Old Bill" designs and wordings.

Made of very fine mercerised lawn, full size 21 in. by 21 in.

Obtainable from all leading Drapers and Gents' Outfitters.

If any difficulty in obtaining, write to James Gaitaher Ltd., 9 & 10, Market Place, Oxford Circus, London, W.1, who will send name of nearest supplier. Phone Museum 910. Wire "Womanhood, Wesdo, London."

Dainty Box of 1 dozen (assorted) for **14/6**

Also loose 6 for 7/3 3 for 3/7½

Single Handkerchiefs 1/2½ each.

ALL THE LATEST TUNES can be played on

THE CHELLAPHONE

The new Pocket Instrument on which tunes can be correctly played in any key. Post free (with full instructions) 1/1½ each from the maker.

R. FIELD, Hall Avenue, Huddersfield.

BICYCLE BARGAINS.—Write at once for clearance lists. Premiers, Humbers, Captains, Swifts, Triumphs, Rovers, Raglans, Court Royals, etc., grand bicycles from £8 19 6 cash (*maker's price* £15 15 0).—George King, Ltd., Great Cycle Dealer, Coventry

OUR home is liable to destruction by Fire—seize opportunity offered on page 16.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, *or* LEGAL *enquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, or Legal Editor, and must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. No fee is charged in respect of other enquiries. Full names and addresses should be given.*

F. H. (Nottingham).—"If we get anything British out of this Paris Conference, it will be entirely due to JOHN BULL and Mr. Hughes." You put us in good company.

J. S. C. (East Molesey).—The middle classes are being strangled, but they would die before they formed a league to strike.

J. W. S. (Clapton).—We are naturally proud to know that a larger number of military honours have been obtained by Hackney than by any other London borough.

"ONE OF THE BOYS" (Dingwall).—There ought to be, and we hope there will be, a scheme to help ex-Service men to re-start their little businesses.

MRS. L. G. (Stonehouse).—No doubt it might be a good thing if miners were to buy colliery shares, as long as they didn't want the whole mine for the price of a mutton chop.

T. H. (Darlington).—"If I were in you place, I should raise a motion to dor away with every Onler and wipe every official out of office." Something like a purge, that.

C. E. B. (Earsham).—Did we receive an Ode from you last Christmas? We burned a pile of poetry on New Year's Day, by way of a good resolution. Your burning verses may have flamed on the pyre.

W. F. P. (Newmarket) mentions that in a town near Berlin someone advertised "tainted meat; suitable for prisoners of war." A Dusseldorf man was fined and imprisoned for making cocoa out of horse dung. Glad that the Germans must have had the cocoa.

A. G. (Blackpool).—"It is about time the rent restrictions were taken off." No, it is about time a few more were put on.

J. C. (Caswell).—You spoil your argument by referring to "men who joined who were dragged into the Army." That comes badly from one who stayed out of it.

C. B. (H.M.S. *Chatham*).—You are right. There has been a lot too much Yankee Doodle, but we are told that Parliament is to have a voice in the final settlement. Watch us then!

N. R. (Wimbledon).—Quite possible, as you suggest, that some of the "missing" are immured in Hun prisons. Perhaps the authorities will take the hint.

"HUN-LOVER" (Cromarty).—You have a wonderful ingenuity in devising tortures. Were you reared in the Cannibal Islands?

C. E. R. (Westcliff-on-Sea).—We certainly shall not "forget the men of the Merchant Service." Pledging ourselves to "Jack," we include all gallant sons of the sea.

R. M. (Aberdeen).—"For 24½ hours' work at an Aberdeen fish curers she received three shillings and elevenpence. I think this a disgrace to British workwomen." Not a disgrace, but an insult. The disgrace is to the employer.

"GUNNERS" (Le Cateau).—"If an irresistible force met an immovable block, what would be the result?" A pretty warm time for the block, we should say.

T. L. (Bedford).—"The rising generation here are only encouraged in being deaf and silly, sing hymns and go to Church regularly; really this is a goody show and well worth a visit." Tut-tut, it is surely only right that a place called Bedford should be a drowsy town.

N. B. (Nantwich).—"Admiral Beatty was born at Howbeck Lodge, Nantwich." Like Homer, he seems to have been born at lots of places.

CPL. J. H. F. (Clapham).—The result of our Cover Competition was published in our issue dated Feb. 1st, page 3.

D. H. (Tottenham).—Don't worry about Dean Inge and his remarks on the morals of slums and suburbs. Half he prates is off its (h)inge(s).

"ARDENT READER" (Cowdenbeath).—Cannot say who is responsible for the "brain work" in connection with the Out-of-Work Donations, but it is customary, we believe, for Government Departments to put their thinking out.

PRIVATE W. O. (Paris).—We note that you have been "in secret touch with an English lord." Were you both under the table?

C. R. (Birm.).—"You can make use of this in your paper if you think proper." We hope we do think proper; but still, we cannot print it.

E. J. M. (Keighley).—"They won't sell cigarettes to children under 16, yet five-year-olds can put a penny in the slot and get them." Hope no small kid will count this as a tip.

PRIVATE B. (B.E.F.) says the Worcester grocery firm he was with before the war won't apply for his release, as they want to keep their cheap female labour. Not surprised. A lot of other firms are just as dirty.

"ANXIOUS MOTHER" (B'wood.)—"Will you please treat this letter as confidential, as I have a neighbour a butcher?" You can rely on us not to imperil your Sunday joint.

M. S. (Southchurch).—We are getting tired of settling bets by saying that the place where the purest English is spoken is 93, Long Acre. Race a couple of caterpillars, and bet on them.

M. L. (Portmadoc).—"If you care to insert this, do so. If you don't care, well, more do I." We don't care. Everybody's satisfied.

MRS. R. B. (Ilford).—Dear mother. We are glad your five boys came through safe and sound. If his late employers will not take back one of them—well, so much the worse for the firm. They lose a good man.

A. S. (Newcastle).—"At least comment on this piece, which is dogerel." If you mean doggerel, that's our comment. But you are a naughty boy to swear twice in 20 lines.

W. (Cardiff).—Sending us a poem in which, with Welsh devilry, you rhyme "Dora" with "soda," you ask, "Is it worth a seat on the Cabinet?" Why do you wish to sit on the Cabinet?

PTE. J. F. F. (Co. Cork).—The ex-Kaiser never made any Disarmament proposals. "The Squire" wonders why you call that "a sporting question."

"ANONYMOUS."—"How can a widow with four children live on £1 a week? Is there any bonus for people on the West Ham parish?" West Ham ought to give you more, poor soul.

T. W. B. (S. Tottenham).—"I should say Copson Garrett is a fraud." You mean the man who puffs his "Magnetic healing" clothing from 10, Finsbury Square, E.C.?

E. M. C. ("Waacs"), coming from Overseas, finds in Liverpool "nothing but skits, sneers, and rude remarks" because of her uniform. She should be above taking notice of children and fools.

"ONE OF YOUR CORRESPONDENTS."—Only a cold-blooded and anonymous fiend would fill three great pages with lead-pencilled twaddle about nothing, and then threaten "Perhaps I may write again." Don't.

T. T. (Cardiff).—"Leave Europe to settle her own business, same as we claim the right to do in this country." If we had not considered Europe's business *our* business, Europe would soon have settled our business for good. Wake up, and use what you presumably call your brains.

J. C. B. (Wellington).—"'B' bet 'C' that the war would be over by Dec. 31st, 1918. Who ought to pay?" Germany.

"INVENTOR" (Matlock).—"The 'Board' simply turned down every one of the inventions I sent up to them. I did not send mine up." Hold us, somebody!

H. P. (Birkenhead).—If your friend's poetry is no better than yours, we cannot say whose is the worse.

DRIVER L. J. T. (Belgium).—Thanks for cartoon, but we can manage only one a week, and our regular cartoonist might refuse nourishment if we left his out.

"THE MOKE."—You should certainly see a vet.

C. C. H. R. (Wandsworth Common).—You talk clotted nonsense when you suggest that on the proposed medal to commemorate Peace, not only should the head of the King appear, "but all the members of his family should be represented." It would take two men to carry a medal like that.

"CO. DURHAM."—"The teacher tells all pupils to bring a potato each, and she will give an object lesson on potatoes. Then she puts them in a bag and sends them to her home." That's the object lesson. But wait till she starts on mutton chops!

A. H. S. (Ramsgate)—"Go to work at 12 mid-day, have an hour for dinner, and finish." No, we won't strike for that, because you say nothing about wages.

"A 'J. B.' READER" (B.E.F.).—Really we cannot print an Open Letter to a captain to say he owes you 117 francs. You write him a closed one.

SAPPER M. C. (late R.E.).—They will not give you a licence to sell fire bricks because you have not sold them before? May they go where fire bricks are unknown, and only sulphur and brimstone burn.

W. J. W. (Bayswater).—Back from Ruhleben, after refusing to work for German employers, you seek a post as foreign correspondent. We like your pluck and wish you luck.

D. (Bedford).—Glad to hear that, as the direct result of our Open Letter to Mr. Hayes, of the Food Production Committee of your town, the rent of allotments has not been raised, the notice being withdrawn. Our compliments all round.

"LONDONER" (E.C.), at 70, says he is "thinking of marrying again"; what do we think? He must be in his second childhood, and should ask his father about it.

W. SCOT (Glasgow).—"McLean gets out of bondage to stir up Bolshevism, and Valera gets out of bondage to stir up Sinn Fein." And they say whisky will get out of bondage to stir up enthusiasm; but this may be a rumour.

"PERSONAL" (Warminster).—"Instead of the Huns paying our war exes, it looks as if we are going to impoverish ourselves to enrich them." We'll see how it looks presently.

"SHOP ASSISTANTS" (Barnet).—No; the 25s. a week unemployment benefit has gone far enough. The women should now get out for the men and return to their pre-war jobs; or find others.

MRS. G. B. (Winchester).—Sugar and matches have not escaped our eagle eye. Like every other thing under control, matches are shamelessly profiteered.

M. N. C. (Haslemere).—Afraid we cannot tell you "exactly what kind of animals the Cockatrice and the Asp are," as our *Encyclopædia Britannica* is at present being used to press our 1914 trousers into decent shape.

E. P. W. (Tottenham).—"Why is it that war workers are being suted so much? had full plenty and Comford for 4 years war." The answer to your question, which is as clear as mud, is simply "Because."

"ROTHERHAM."—Of course Howell and Co., Ltd., mentioned under "Yard-stick Profiteering," did not refer to the Sheffield firm. Don't you know what a yard-stick is?

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

A WORD ABOUT

THE "JOHN BULL" PEN

A TYPICAL LETTER.

88, Leytonstone Rd.
Stratford.

Dear Sir,

Many thanks for "John Bull" Pen. It is indeed a splendid pen and equal in all respects to the many known pens advertised at 10/6d. and upwards. I am recommending your pen to all my friends.

Yours faithfuly
(Signed) A. W. J. Larkin.

"JOHN BULL" Pen Coupon. Value 2d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 3s. and 1½d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 6 from "John Bull" from this date may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus, you may send 7 coupons, and P.O. for 2s. only, and 1½d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL, 1s. Extra.

Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (March 8th, 1919.)
P.O.'s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed & Co.
N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

GAMAGE'S
GREAT
"After-the-War" SALE.

We need space. We are going full speed ahead on the sea of "Reconstruction." Scores of new ideas are ready for development, and we must have room. Hence these remarkable clearance offers.

5000 doz. Starched Collars.

Perfect fitting: Three shapes only.

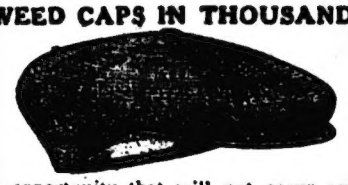
No. 1 1½ 2 2½

No. 2 2 2½ 2½ No. 3 2 2½ 2½

SALE PRICE 3/10½ Per Dozen.
Post 4d. (Sold in dozens only.)

Write for BIG BARGAIN BOOK Post Free

TWEED CAPS IN THOUSANDS.



An opportunity that will not occur again. Splendid quality, silk lined, full range of good patterns. In new Tweeds, Greys, Fawns, Browns, Navy Blue, etc., etc.

SALE PRICE 2/9 each. Post 3d.

BARGAINS IN WHITE SHIRTS

150 dozen Gents' White Oxford Matt Tunic Shirts, single rifle wrists, soft unstarched collar bands. Made in our own factory.

In this Sale 4/3½
3 for 12/6
Post 6d.

Post orders are dealt with by the most efficient organization in the Kingdom. Sale orders executed in strict rotation.

MILITARY TRENCH COATS AT HALF PRICE.

Every coat is waterproof, being interlined oilskin. In assorted Drab and Khaki shades. Full Length. All sizes in stock,

250 Four Guinea Coats
SALE PRICE 42/-

189 Ninety-Five Shilling Coats
SALE PRICE 47/6

152 Five Guinea Coats
SALE PRICE 52/6

Carriage extra.

HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.1

One Spoonful—One Cake!

There's nothing to equal the richness or the economy of Bird's Egg Substitute in the making of cakes and puddings.

And the ease of it! You simply stir in one dessertspoonful of this golden powder with the flour and other ingredients. It gives a lightness and a flavor equivalent to costly new-laid eggs.

And Bird's Egg Substitute banishes all cooking difficulties. The lovely cakes and buns it makes are light, moist & nutritious.

PANCAKES are so delicious when made, without eggs, with

Bird's Egg Substitute

E.S.66 In Packets and Tins with excellent and reliable recipes.

THE LAMP THAT THROWS A LIGHT ON THE PROBLEM OF EFFICIENCY WITH ECONOMY.

MADE THROUGHOUT AT HAMMERSMITH.

Osram G.E.C. LAMPS

CHILBLAINS
POSITIVELY CURED.

GRASSHOPPER OINTMENT DRAWS OUT THE ITCHING PAIN AND INFLAMMATION WITH AN EFFECTIVENESS UNEQUALLED BY ANY OTHER PREPARATION.

Do not poultice your chilblains. **Grasshopper Ointment** draws out the inflammation as easily as a sponge absorbs water. Just try a box and see if it does not do so in your case. **Grasshopper** is as harmless as it is beneficial. It contains absolutely no injurious substances. May be obtained from Boots, Timothy Whites, Taylor's Drug Co., and all Chemists and Stores, at 1/3 a box, or direct, post free, from Albert & Co., 83, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

HAWLEY WATCHES.

We desire to explain why repairs sent to us under the guarantee have not been returned with our usual despatch.

Nearly our entire staff of watchmakers have been engaged on war-work, only one-eighth being available to us.

Demobilisation has improved the position, however, and we can promise to be up-to-date shortly.

We trust this explanation will assure those interested that the guarantee will be upheld to the letter

JOHN HAWLEY,
COVENTRY.
PHILIP WOOLFSON, Selling Agent,
GLASGOW.

TAYLOR'S TYPEWRITERS

LEARN TYPING AT HOME.

WE LEND ON HIRE A MACHINE FROM 15/- PER MONTH.

EXCHANGE, SELL, REPAIR AND BUY ALL MAKES.

Write for Terms and List No. 64.

TAYLORS, LTD.,
74, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. 2.
Phone: Holborn 4810. *Est. 1884.*

UNUSUAL BARGAIN OFFER.
5,000 MACKINTOSHES.
made of surplus Government first-grade heavy make waterproof material, in latest styles, ladies and gentlemen's, with lapel pockets, wind strap to cuffs, will last years, worth 30/- Send chest size and height, with P.O. for **25/-** each (Money refunded under "J.B." Advt. guarantee.)
J. DOWLING, 8, Paternoster Row, LONDON, E.C.4.

JUST SEND 1/-

and I will send you a pair of Ambron Gold Medal Corsets that will give you comfort, grace and lasting satisfaction. From a Health point of view the Ambron Corset is pre-eminent. There is no other Corset like it.

The full price of the Ambron Corset is only 8/11, but all I ask you to send is a P.O. for 1/-. The Corset will be sent by return and the balance of 7/11 may be paid in one sum or by weekly instalments of 1/-, whichever you prefer.

Simply cut out this advertisement, pin to a piece of paper, quote measurements over Bust, Hips and Waist, give your full name and address, and enclose postal order for One Shilling. If you do not approve of corset, it may be returned and your cash will be refunded at once. Take advantage of this offer to-day and become one of the many thousands of happy wearers of the Ambron Gold Medal Health Corsets. Kindly include 3d. to cover part cost of postage, and cross P.O. thus //. Address your order to

Ambrose Wilson, Ltd., 300, Allen House, 70, Vauxhall Bridge Road, LONDON, S.W.1.

FARM BOOTS

Stout Black Chrome Waterproof Double Tongue Derby Pattern with Toecap, as illustrated.

Nailed in groups of Three to prevent slipping.

Cash with Order,

32/6

Style No. 129.

Sizes 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 (Size 12, 1/- extra). Each size made in three different widths: No. 4 (Medium), No. 5 (Wide), No. 6 (Extra Wide).

Write for our 104-page Catalogue.

THE MAXIMUM SHOE CO., LTD., Dept. 79, Maximum Works, Northampton.

Why pay Fire Insurance Premiums?—see page 16.

"BULLETS"

BIG INCREASE £250

2ND PRIZE £20

3RD PRIZE £10

1ST PRIZE

1ST PRIZE

10 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2 10	25 PRIZES OF 10s.	200 PRIZES OF 5s.	1,000 PRIZES OF 2s. 6d.	3,000 "TARGET" PRIZES.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the Thirty examples given below. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the examples chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. These examples will guide you. Example:—HARD TO BELIEVE. Bullet:—ALL THAT WE HEAR. Example:—MAKES US THINK. Bullet:—BOTTOMLEY EVERY WEEK. Competitors may send in two BULLETS for sixpence. If more coupons are used an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this competition will be found in our issue dated March 29th.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 323.

MAKES WILSON SMILE	THE MINERS	OUR LODGER	A PRESSING QUESTION	WHAT LABOUR WANTS
TRYING TO SETTLE	MAKES US THINK	SEEKING A HOME	SAID ADAM TO EVE	BOUNCING BABY
MR. SHILLIE	SINKING SENSATION	FAIRLY BEATEN	GIVING WARNING	HARD TO BELIEVE
A SERIOUS THREAT	ONE OF THE BOYS	GOOD ADDRESS	GETTING THE BULLET	THE RIGHT TEAM
GETTING WED	WEAK CONSTITUTION	WHEN WIFE'S OUT	AFTER TROUBLE	TOMMY'S BOSS
SPOILS EVERYTHING	A BAD HEAD	EVERYBODY'S FRIEND	FOREIGN MATCHES	A BIG BLUFF

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, March 13th.

Example_____

Bullet_____

Example_____

Bullet_____

(323) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.

If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

Signed_____

Address_____

☞ IF UNABLE TO SECURE EXTRA COUPONS YOU CAN WRITE YOUR "BULLETS" ON PLAIN PAPER.

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, March 13th.

Example_____

Bullet_____

Example_____

Bullet_____

(323) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.

If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

Signed_____

Address_____

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No 323, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2

Write Competition in top left-hand corner of the envelope.

Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 324.

WINSTON CHURCHILL—MAKING TOO FREE—MY WIFE DISLIKES—FOOLS ABOUT—WHITEWASH—ADAM'S ALE—BOYS AND GIRLS—A GOOD BOOK—MOST ABSURD—PLAIN SPEAKING—END OF CONTROL—HARD TO STOP—LUCKY DOG—IN LOW WATER—MORE WHISKEY—GERMAN DODGES—YOUNG MAN'S FANCY—HUNG UP—PULLING TOGETHER—FATHER'S DELIGHT.

These examples can be made use of on the coupons above, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, MARCH 20th.** All coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **324** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons must be addressed "Bullets" **No. 324,** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons must not contain any of the Thirty examples for competition 323.

BULLETS RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.
2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. Both coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.
4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.
5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

MR. C. S. TENNANT, 14, Agnes Rd., Acton, W.3.
GOING TO SMASH—STRIKERS WITHOUT AIM.

MR. A. SPARK, 79, Clavering Av., Dunston-on-Tyne:
MAKES TOMMY SMILE—MONUMENTS, INSTEAD OF MONEY.
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

MRS. C. GRIMWOOD, 77, Stacey Road, Cardiff:
A GOOD SPORT—WINNER'S OPINION OF LOSER.

MRS. E. DAVIES, 7, Dee Banks, Chester:
MAKES TOMMY SMILE—PAST—THE FUTURE DOESN'T.

MR. W. MOORE, Hall Stile Bank, Hexham:
WHEN PARTING—AMERICA EXPECTS "GOOD RETURN."

List of 10s. Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition 320, will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

Result of 320th "Bullets" Competition.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

Mr. F. ADAMS,
136, Hainault Road, Leytonstone, London, E.
Example:—GOING TO SMASH.
Bullet:—WORKING "WITHOUT A BREAK."

SECOND PRIZE OF £20:

Mr. G. FISHER,
18, Stanleigh Street, N. Kensington, London, W.
Example:—SAME AGAIN.
Bullet:—NOT FRONTIERS, WE HOPE.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. E. OSMOND,
16, Church Terrace, Pontnewynydd, Mon.
Example:—LLOYD GEORGE'S TASK.
Bullet:—REBUILDING WITH "OLD MATERIAL."

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

MR. S. G. BURTON, 55, Albemarle Road, Seacombe, Wallasey:
MAKES TOMMY SMILE—WILSON DISTRIBUTING "LION'S SHARE."

MRS. S. WATERS, Cosy Cot., Parkland Grove, Ashford:
FAIR PLAY—FOR TYPISTS—PEACE CONFERENCE.

MR. J. E. BURTON, 138, Milkwood Road, Herne Hill, S.E.:
BUYING TROUBLE—THROUGH NOT TAKING IT.

MRS. E. ARMOND, 120, London Rd., Portsmouth:
WHEN PARLIAMENT STARTS—A BRITISH "TIGER" WANTED.

MR. W. J. LOVEDAY, 40, Curry St., Aberaman, Aberdare:
SETTLING DOWN—RUSSIA "WRONG SIDE UP."

MR. A. WEAL, 3, London Road, Brentford:
UPSETTING BUSINESS—STRIKERS "ONLY" LAUGH AT.

MRS. R. BOGGUST, 27, Barrack Road, Christchurch, Hants:
GERMANY HOPES THAT—SHE'S NOT EUROPE'S CINDERELLA.

MISS M. AINSWORTH, "Mayborough," Tarraway Road, Paignton:
BAD BEGINNING—ARMISTICE BEGETTING INDUSTRIAL ARMAGEDDON.

PTE. R. GRAY, 60878, Lanc. Fus., Handforth, Cheshire:
GERMANY HOPES THAT—EYEWASH WILL BLIND US.

MR. T. HOUSLEY, 84, Empress Road, Derby:
SETTLING DOWN—THEN THERE'S ANOTHER STRIKE.

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

MR. A. OAKLEY, 50, Butler Road, Harrow:
A ROLLING STONE—OFTEN IN LUCK'S WAY.

MISS E. WATSON, 45, Clevedon Rd., Penge, S.E.:
BAD BEGINNING—ARRANGING, NOT STATING TERMS.

MR. G. VINES, Navy Canteen Board, Richmond Road, Gillingham:
DIRTY HANDS—SET LABOUR'S CLOCK BACK.

MR. G. HOOD, 67, Westmorland Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne:
MAKES TOMMY SMILE—THE "LOT" HE'S SAVED.

MR. J. HECKLES, 24, Adolphus St., Seaham Hbr.:
UPSETTING BUSINESS—"TURNING TABLES" ON MEDIUM.

JOHN BULL'S

GREAT FREE FIRE INSURANCE.

COVERING ALL RISKS BY FIRE TO HOME, LIFE AND LIMB.

UNDER this most unique FREE INSURANCE OFFER anyone above the age of 10 can be insured irrespective of sex.

The premiums charged by any Fire and Accident Insurance Company to secure similar benefits would certainly exceed 5s. per annum. We offer it to you absolutely free.

We have made our insurance as simple and comprehensive as possible, and shall not bother about any "Legal representative" or "next of kin." Claims will be paid to the registered reader, who must personally sign the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else.

A separate coupon must be filled up in respect to each person to be insured.

This offer applies only to persons residing in, and property situated in, England, Scotland, and Wales.

The full conditions governing this scheme will be published in the first issue of each month.

ORDER FORM

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To .....Newsagent.

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice

Signed.....

Address .....

.....

March 8, 1919.

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

To remain qualified for the benefits, readers must continue to have "John Bull" regularly supplied to them.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
JOHN BULL INSURANCE DEPT., Long Acre, W.C.2.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....Newsagent, of

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee.....

Address.....

Signature of Insured.....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address of home.....

March 8, 1919. .....

Enclose 1d. stamp if an acknowledgment of receipt of Registration Form is required.

WHAT WE WILL PAY

For Damage to contents of Home by Fire up to ...	£200
In Case of Death directly due to Fire at Registered Reader's home	£200
For the Loss of Two Limbs or Both Eyes, or One Limb and One Eye ...	£200
For the Loss of One Limb or One Eye	£100
Medical Fees for Injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his, or her, employment, up to ...	£10
In the event of a Temporary Total Disablement up to 13 weeks	£1 Per Week

THE WATCH ON THE RHINE

THE ARMIES OF OCCUPATION are the last argument of the Allies in enforcing just peace terms on the beaten foe. They will continue to exist, in gradually diminishing strength, until the Peace is settled finally.

Britain's share amounts to about 900,000 officers and men distributed over the—

Home Army. Army of the Middle East.
Army of the Rhine. Detachment of the Far North.
Garrisons of the Crown Colonies and India.

In addition to these numbers for the Army, 81,500 officers and men of the Royal Air Force of Occupation are required to continue serving for the same purpose. Except for these numbers our great Army and Air Force are being demobilised as rapidly as possible.

THE ARMIES OF OCCUPATION are to be reduced in strength as circumstances permit.

Both are made up of—

(1.) Men who joined the Colours before the war who have not completed their term of Colour service.

(2.) Men who joined the Colours after 1st January, 1916, except those over 37 years of age, and those who have more than two wound stripes.

(3.) **Volunteers.**

Every man who volunteers to remain replaces a man who wants to be released.

IT PAYS TO STAY.

From the day men volunteer to stay in the Army or Air Force of Occupation they receive, if accepted, bonuses according to the following scale over and above the ordinary rates of pay :—

THE NEW ARMY BONUS.

	Per week. s. d.		Per week. s. d.
Boys	5 3	Warrant Officers, Class I.	21 0
Private Soldiers	10 6	2nd Lieutenants	24 6
Paid Lance-Corporal	12 3	Lieutenants	28 0
Corporals	12 3	Captains	31 6
Sergeants	14 0	Majors	35 0
Colour-Sergeants	17 6	Lieut.-Colonels	38 6
Company Sergeant-Majors		Higher Ranks	42 0
Company Quartermaster Sergeants			
Quartermaster Sergeants			

THE NEW ROYAL AIR FORCE BONUS.

	Per week. s. d.		Per week. s. d.
Aircraftman (Class 2.)	10 6	Flight Cadets	21 0
Aircraftman (Class 1.)	11 0	2nd Lieutenants	24 6
Leading Aircraftman	11 8	Lieutenants	28 0
Corporal	12 3	Captains	31 6
Sergeant	14 0	Majors	35 0
Flight-Sergeant	15 9	Lieut.-Colonels	38 6
Warrant Officer (Class 2)	17 6	Higher Ranks	42 0
Warrant Officer (Class 1)	21 0		
Cadet—on appropriate rate of his rank			

These bonuses will be paid to all* who are retained in or volunteer for the Armies of Occupation whatever their Branch of the Service, Regiment or Corps, whether on Service, at home or abroad.

* With the exception of the members of the Non-Combatant Corps (N.C.C.).

THINK IT OVER.

The Industry of the Country is *not yet* ready to work at full blast.

The man in the Armies or the Royal Air Force of Occupation has at least **one guinea a week** pay, plus separation allowance for wife and children, or dependents, clothing, lodging and food, and plenty of recreation.

Leave is now given only to the Armies and the Air Force of Occupation.

Ask your Commanding Officer for full details and VOLUNTEER TO STAY.

FIRE RISK! Set your mind at ease by accepting our offer on page 16.

FOR
COUGHS.

Ormbridge's
Lung Tonic

FOR
COLDS.

QUARANTINE.

Ignorant people sometimes term Gonorrhœa a trivial disease. Yet this "trivial disease" has been accountable for something like one quarter of the cases recorded as born blind. It is one of the chief causes of sterility. It is sometimes directly fatal.

And it is frequently a most difficult disease to cure. It is not uncommon for one attack to endure for years and years, and during all this time the patient may be infective, and ought to be condemned to quarantine. So difficult is the cure of Gonorrhœa in Women, that experienced doctors may find it altogether impossible to state that the danger of infection is passed, and a lifelong quarantine may ensue.

Gonorrhœa, when not properly treated, is also a most treacherous disease. All evident symptoms may disappear, and yet the disease is not cured. Many months afterwards it may break out again, with the dire result that men or women, who think themselves free from infection, get married and infect their partners.

Those who are in any doubt or difficulty should write for information and free literature to N.C.C.V.D., 81, Avenue Chambers, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1, marking the envelope "Medical."

This announcement is issued by the National Council for combating Venereal Diseases, a responsible body recognised by the Government. President: Rt. Hon. Lord Sydenham. Vice-Presidents: The Bishop of Southwark, Sir Thomas Barlow, Bart., K.C.V.O., M.D., Chairman of Propaganda, Sir Malcolm Morris, K.C.V.O., F.R.C.S.E. General Secretary: Mrs. A. C. Gotto, O.B.E.

Influenza

"No," said Uncle Cheeriboy, "I have not had the 'Flu and I don't expect to have it. Keep smiling, keep fit, take plenty of exercise and Page Woodcock's Pills, that's my antidote."

Page Woodcock's Pills regulate the functions of the body and help to throw off all the impurities upon which the disease germs feed and thrive. This fine old remedy has kept millions of men and women fit and well for over sixty years. It is nature's corrective, providing in a purely vegetable form, a safe and certain remedy for constipation, impure blood, sluggish liver, kidney disorders and all irregularities of the stomach and bowels. Start taking Page Woodcock's Pills at once, and they will put you right and prevent complications.

They make and keep you fit!
70 years' reputation.
Sold by all Chemists.
Have cured millions. Will cure you.

Page Woodcock's Pills

PLEX
THE
DUPLICATOR
(British as the Union Jack.)

15/-

Foolscap size. Complete with all Supplies.

Add 1/- for Packing and Carriage.

Foreign Orders 2/- extra.

Is again made according to the original formula which had, perforce, to be substituted during the War. PLEX is England's popular Duplicator.

Enables you to make Clear, Effective, and Numerous Copies in a pleasing variety of Colours of HANDWRITING, TYPEWRITING, SHORTHAND, LETTERS, INVOICES, PLANS, MAPS, SPECIFICATIONS, DRAWINGS, MUSIC, MENUS, PROGRAMMES, Etc.

Send for one To-Day, from:—

B. PODMORE & CO.,
Dept 35, Southport.
And at 57-60, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

ASTOUNDING
RAINCOAT BARGAINS

Beautifully tailored and finished garments for only

29/6

DIRECT FROM THE MANUFACTURERS.

Get your Coat NOW, before our present stocks run out. This offer cannot be repeated. You cannot get a better Raincoat from any retailer if you pay double the price.

Made in Gabardine Cloth, in various shades, fully sheek lined, with belts and buckles.

Orders dealt in strict rotation. Approval willingly. Thousands of testimonials.

LADIES', MAIDS' & YOUTHS' also stocked.

Write to-day for Free Patterns and Booklet.

SARTOR MANUFACTURING CO.
(Dept. J) 53, Oxford Rd., MANCHESTER.

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in John Bull, *i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase. All communications should be addressed to* John Bull, *Advertisement Department, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

Printed and published for the Proprietors (John Bull, Ltd.) by Odhams Limited, 93 and 94, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Agents for the Colonies, Gordon and Gotch, Ltd., London, Australia, Canada, etc. South Africa, Central News Agency, Ltd.; also Imperial News Co., Ltd.; Toronto News Co. Ltd., and Montreal News Co., Ltd., Canada.